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THE TRAGEDY OF SERTORIUS.

ACTED at the

Theatre-ROYAL

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants.

By *JOHN BANCROFT*, Gent.

Invidus alterius rebus macreſcit opimis. Horat.

LICENSED *March* 10. 167⅘.

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TO THE

HONOURABLE

Capt. Rich. Savage,

THIS

TRAGEDY

OF

SERTORIUS

IS DEDICATED,

BY THE

Humbleſt of his Servants

JOHN BANCROFT.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sertorius; Exil'd from *Rome*, choſe head of the *Luſitanians*, in oppoſition to *Sylla*.

Sertorius.

ERRATA.

PAge 4. l. 12. r. *worthieſt*, p. 8. l. 4. r. *blinds*, l. 6. r. *from Fancy*, p. 9. l. 21. r. *pow'r of Love*, p. 19. l. 6. r. *your Chiefs*, p. 20. l. 4. r. *the raiſing of*, p. 23. l. 1. r. *wait thee on the way*, l. 26. *Cyllenius* like, p. 24. l. *ult.* r. *fram'd* for *form'd*, p. 28. l. 31. r. *unconſtant Dame*, p. 36. l. 2. *loſe my life*, p. 41. l. 5. for *of* r. *or*, l. 14. r. *the novelty*, p. 44. l. 13. r. *Takes the Decrees*, p. 17. r. *warning Gods*, p. 54. l. 15. r. *The paths*, p. 58. l. 16. r. *Has hid her ſelf*.

Perpenna; General of the *Italian* Bands: a Villain.

Manlius,
Aufidius,
Grecinus, } His Officers.

Pompey; A *Roman* Geneneral, of *Sylla*'s Faction.
Aquinius; His Lieutenant.

Tow *Pontic* Ambaſſadors.

A Centurion.

Terentia, Wife to *Sertorius*.
Fulvia, *Perpenna*'s.

Soldiers, Citizens, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE *Luſitania*.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sertorius; Exil'd from *Rome*, choſe head of the *Luſitanians*, in oppoſition to *Sylla*.
Bebricius; A *Luſitanian*, true Friend to *Sertorius*.

Tribunius, Captain of *Sertorius*'s Guards.
Caſſius, A *Roman* Tribune.

Norbanus, *Lugurius*, *Craſſus*, *Decius*. } Exil'd *Roman* Senators.

Perpenna; General of the *Italian* Bands: a Villain.

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SCENE *Luſitania*.

PROLOGUE.

AS Cowards puſht into a deſperate fight
Move ſlowly forwards like their appetite;
Yet when they feel the blows, fill'd with deſpair,
Oft beat the brave, or battel with the Air:
So our Gallant forc'd by his Friends to write,
Now dreads his Fate which muſt be known this Night;
Storm'd by his Friends they ſwore him into rage,
And forc'd him fight the Hydra *of the Stage:*
Compell'd he ſigh'd and ſaid like Phaeton,
He aims at Wit, as t'other at the Sun,
That he relies on what ſo oft is told,
Fortune aſſiſts the brave, and Court's the bold;
But if from Fortun's ſlippery Wheel he's hurl'd
From Wits vaſt Empire to the lower World,
Fate was unkind ſhe would no pity ſhow,
Be doom'd by her, but doubly damn'd by you.

SERTORIUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SERTORIUS.

CEASE, you Celeſtial Pow'rs, and give that eaſe,
Which to obtain, I, with repeated Pray'rs,
The bloud of *Hecatombs*, and Incenſe ſmoke,
So oft have fill'd your Heav'ns; and bleſs the Man
Which, from his Infancy to Autumn years,
Subject to every blaſt, has known the Fate
Of greatneſs, or abjected Poverty.
Oh, *Marius*, through what paths Ambition led!
But thou'rt no more; and Hell has left behind
A *Janus* Fury, who, with Sword and Pen,
Or Stabs, or to enevitable Fate thruſts on,
Doom'd by Proſcription, numbers to attend
On gaſtly Death: while Slaughter, big with blood,
In Sanguine hue, and a Tyrannick pace,
Sweeps, like a Plague; and makes *Rome*'s Senate look
Like Sons of Earth, ſcap'd from *Deucalion*'s flood.
Oh, when I call to mind *Rome*'s baſe neglect,
Tho' with this light I bought their Suffrages,
Dam'd up for ever in the *Marſian* War;
When Parents, with diſtended arms, lift up
Their crying Infants, while the ag'd beſtrid
The tops of Houſes, fill'd the Heav'n with Shouts,
The plaudits of my Triumphs; yet gave way

To deeds ingrate, when Barbarous *Sylla* ſpoke,
Deny'd the Tribuneſhip, and Exile made:
Yet, not content with miſeries, they hurle
Repeated Plagues, and hunt me like a Beaſt.
Yet, Gods, be kind, and *Sylla*'s brood ſhall know,
He that, with Patience, can endure like Me,
May weather out the Storm, and Victim make
The over-daring Fool, who haſtes to meet
(In *Pompey*, certain Fate; or Knowledge bought
At dear expence. Down, you rebellious wrongs;
Incite me not to acts, that misbecome
A *Roman* mind to bear: Take flight, my Soul,
Into a Sphere like thy Eſſential make;
That I may ſcatter into open Air
The envious miſchiefs which inviron me.

SCENE II.

Bebricius, Norbanus, Ligurius, Craſſus, Decius; to *Sertorius*.

Bebr. HAIL Noble Patriot of a happy State,
Bleſt in the Guardian! *Luſitania* owes,
As to the Gods, from undigeſted ways
Of Brutal living, unto nobler form'd,
Her Reformation. Why's obſcur'd that brow?
What doubts can cauſe ſuch gloomy fancies riſe,
As in the hue of melancholy men?
Penſive with thought, thou ſhun'ſt Society.
Nor. Know, brave *Sertorius*, that we all in thee
Wind up our Clue of life: as men devote,
To the Infernals, humane Sacrifice.
Thy breath, when form'd into a ſound, is Law:
And not the dead ſhall, at the day of Doom
Call'd to appear, in mightier numbers riſe,
Hudled to form from out their quiet Urns;
Than *Luſitania*, from her wide extents,
Crowd to attend *Sertorius* God-like call.
Lig. Gods glory in thy make, thou man Divine,
True Similar to *Rome*'s firſt Founder made;

Ex-

Excellent *Roman*! Patron unto all
That's Great, or Good! Not *Mars* himſelf on Earth,
When *Illion* Field's Divinities were Arm'd
For *Troy* or *Greece*, wrought wonders with his Sword
Out-doing thine; which Fame as loudly ſpeaks
To the Extreams o' th' Univerſe yet known:
Choſe out by Fate, Elected by the Gods,
To free thy Country from Tyrannick Rule;
Tho' to the eye of Mortals Heav'n obſcures
The myſtick Writ, till Fate unlooſe the hours
Which guide the Day to *Rome*'s delivery.
Nor. Heav'n own'd thy birth; and pleas'd was mighty *Jove*,
When, in the Characters of Fate, he ſaw
A man ſo God-like, that ſhould know the change
Of Earthly joys, as he of thoſe Divine,
When Sons of Earth made War againſt his Heav'n,
And climb'd *Olympus*; elſe, in Infant years,
weigh'd down with Iron: Under *Cæpio*'s charge,
When Chance unjuſtly Crown'd the painted *Gauls*,
Thou ſwam'ſt the Torrent of impetuous *Rhine*,
And liv'd to gain new glories by their ſpoil.
Craſs. Fame loudly ſpeaks the Action of that Day,
When *Celtiberians* broke their ſolemn Vow,
And, in *Caſtula*, call'd the *Gryſeans* in,
To Martyr *Rome*, in ſlaughter of her Sons;
As angry Pow'rs ruffle their Sky to Storms:
Here, Sun-ſhine; there, upon the Northern Pole,
Deſtroying Flames make big the Elements
With Fate inevitable: ſo did'ſt Thou;
When, in the height of their vain glorious hope,
With ſpeed of Hurricanes thy Sword deſtroy'd;
Conſum'd the Villains e're a thought could riſe,
And pluck'd a Laurel from the Victor's brow.
Bebr. 'Mongſt men, for deeds ſo great, we court thy Rule;
And glory in thee: nay, the Vulgar Crowd
Pay adoration to thy juſt deſert;
And blaze aloud that Fate attends thy Sword,
Edg'd ſure by Death: for, when thou heav'ſt thy arm,
So Plagues devaſt, as thou mak'ſt void the ſpace;

When throngs of Foes with Javelins fill the Air,
And Thunder with the Ratling of their Shields,
The frightned blood ſtarts back into the heart,
And makes the Soul, with Terror, flye its Seat.
Sert. If Gods have form'd me as you ſay; I live
Wholly devoted yours. The *Roman* name
Shall, with her Eagles, take a flight to you;
Pearch in your Temples; and a terror be
To *Rome*'s ill *Genij*, which have ruin'd all:
That from the Aſhes, like the *Phœnix*, may
Ariſe a greater, nobler Nation here.
Bebr. Worthies of men, when *Sylla*'s bloody hands,
Embru'd in Slaughter, threatned Death and Fate;
When all the terrors froze us up with fear;
Thou ſav'dſt our Country, and diſpers'd the Foe,
Did'ſt Acts beyond belief, ſecur'd us all:
And, with the Thunder of thy mighty deeds,
Scatter'd that ſtorm which did obſcure our day.
Now, ſafe in thee, we *Sylla*'s pow'r defie;
Covet to Arm, when great *Sertorious* calls.
Sert. Who would refuſe to ſpend his deareſt blood
When gratitude requires? Oh, Friends, I find
The deep impreſſion which your loves have made;
Sole help to raiſe my Soul, with thought depreſt.
Nor can I fear, thus circled by my Friends,
Vain glorious *Sylla*, who delights in blood:
Rapine, and Spoil, wait his Triumphant Car;
And, where he comes, like angry Fates, he breaks
Handfuls at once, not cuts 'em thread by thread.
Fearleſs of him, all others I deſpiſe;
And his new Pupil *Pompey*, big with threats:
His School-boy's rage, to call us on to Arms.
So the young Huntſmen, fearleſs of ſucceſs,
Dart diſtant weapons 'gainſt the dreadful Beaſt,
Till ſome barb'd Pile pierces his tawny ſide;
Laſh'd by his tail to rage, he bellows out
Deſtruction, and lays waſte the Armed Troop:
So rouz'd, ſo Arm'd, by our juſt Cauſe, we'll on.
We fight for Liberty, and for our Gods;

They

They, for a Tyrant, who contemns all good,
Who all the Temples of the Graces ſhuts;
Vertue and Peace are ſtrangers to their breaſts:
For them we Fight, and they muſt Crown our Swords.
Bebr. Noble *Sertorius*! *Luſitania*'s Patron!
Sert. *Rome*'s Fame ſhall bow to you; no longer bleſt;
For all her Ornaments, her Arts, her all,
To *Oſca* ſhall be led; the noble youth
There Educated in the *Roman* way;
So Habited, when riper years come on:
That, in the compaſs of an Age, the VVorld
Shall ſee Old *Rome* the ſhadow of this New. [*Sound of* Trumpets.

SCENE III.

Tribunius, *Crown'd with Laurel, attended with* Aquinius *bound, and Priſoners*, &c.

Trib. Hail, great *Sertorius*; Hail, thou mighty man
VVhom Gods, in abſence, fight for! thus adorn'd,
We greet thy Genius; and here offer up
Theſe Laureate Wreaths, appropriate to thee.
Sert. So Arm'd, ſo Crown'd, the *Roman* Senate fought,
When the rough *Sabines* did invade their Rule,
Trib. Five *Legions* fell beneath our conqu'ring Swords,
Secur'd by Fate: Nor could *Metellus* help;
His rage was vain. So Surges daſh to Air,
'Gainſt Rocks oppoſing. Like the Giants fix'd,
We bore his Charge, and preſt him fiercely on:
When brave *Aquinius*, to compleat the day,
Bedy'd in gore, compaſs'd with num'rous Foes,
Fell, with the number of his Wounds, our Captive.
So angry Bores their Tuſhes whet in vain,
Fume oft, as oft aſſay'd, as did their Chiefs
When old *Metellus* ſounded the Retreat:
And, e're the ſetting Sun adorn'd the Eaſt,
And on our Banners darted his bright Rayes,
Our Friends, immur'd for many months, were free:
Broke was the *Roman* Camp; and left behind

Engines.

Engines of War; and mighty heaps of Arms,
Forſook by haſte, as Trophies we have ta'ne.
Sert. The Sword of Juſtice has a vaſt extent,
Is mov'd by Heav'n, and guided ſure by Time,
Whoſe Sythe's not keener; there *Aſtrea* views
The Crimes of Earth, and pours her vengeance forth:
While the juſt Arms are Crown'd with Victory.
What can *Aquinius* ſay, to calm our rage?
Can *Rome*'s ambition never quiet know?
Or muſt ſhe reſtleſs as thoſe Atoms be
Which the fierce Winds ſubject unto their Rule?
If ſo, by blood we muſt appeaſe the ſlain;
And think our ſelves, as by the Gods, ſet forth
To kill this ſecond *Python* of the World.
Aquin. Curs'd be the man, that, to the *Roman* name,
Dares blemiſh Honour with the thought of fear:
I ſuperate it; and, like *Sylla*, am
When moſt endanger'd, moſt a *Roman* Chief:
Bred in his Cauſe, and nouriſh'd in his Arms,
Fill'd with the glories of his mighty deeds,
He wan me to him. Let ſevereſt Fate
Speak loud her Doom; to hear I ſtand unmov'd:
For, if I fall, *Sylla* will 'venge my death;
The brave *Metellus*, or fierce *Pompey*, ſhall
Offer a Sacrifice to ſtill my Ghoſt.
Sert. Spoke like a *Roman*; gallantly and bold.
But that I ſcorn to ſoil my fame with blood,
Here thou ſhould'ſt fall; then let thy Ghoſt complain
To barbarous *Sylla* for redreſs: Did he,
Sided by *Pompey*, fenc'd by old *Metellus*,
The two ſupporters of this lofty Oak,
Dare meet me face to face, and ſtand my Ire;
Like angry *Jove*, I'd rive him to the waiſt,
Spight of his Shields unto his heart convey
This fatal Steel. Haſte; tell the Boy, I wait
To ſcourge his raſhneſs. Let *Metellus* know,
If he dares meet us, he ſhall feel again
The Thunder of this arm upon his Cask:
And need a Shield of *Vulcan*'s tempering,
To guard this deadly weapon from his heart.

Sucron's

Sucron's the noble Field of Liberty,
Where Death ſhall glut upon the bodies ſlain :
And all the Furies, gorg'd with *Roman* gore,
Grow fat with Slaughter, and preſs down the Earth
With humane weight. O that it were my Fate
To meet this *Pompey*, *Rome*'s *Anteus*, now:
Like *Hercules*, I'd graſp him in my arms,
And make his Tyrant rue his forward heat !
Aquin. Thou ſhalt be fought with, if not foil'd, *Sertorius*,
The chance of War may leave thee deſtitute,
And us adorn: then, in the brunt of Arms,
I'll court thy ſight ; and on thy Casket pay
A *Roman* thanks, for Liberty and Life.
Sert. Guard well the laſt ; for, by our Gods, I ſwear,
Or thee, or I, will meaſure out the ground
If e're we meet. Conduct him on the way,
Which gives a birth to Fate, and mighty deeds. [*Ex.* Aquin.
But the Celeſtial Pow'rs have left their Heav'n,
And fill the Temples with their Deities:
'Tis Incenſe they expect, and Sacrifice.
You four *Patricians* ſhall attend on me,
Clad in the Garb of *Numa*'s *Pontifies*,
VVhile I officiate *Maximus* to *Jove* :
With heaps of Spice, we'll cloud the Altars round ;
Seven Heifers offer, beautiful and young,
To *Jupiter* the Stayer. Hence, my Friends ;
See all things ready for the Sacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Sertorius, Bebricius, *remain.*

Bebr. Yet melancholy ! when both Gods and Men
Strive to out-vye in gifts? Stretch out thy arm,
Like angry *Jove*, to thoſe who envy thee :
VVe'll be thy Elements, to execute.
Sert. Thy loſs, *Terentia*, does depreſs my Soul :
I grovel in the dark ; and, when light comes,
Behold the falſhood of my flatt'ring Stars.
Bebr. VVhen Heav'n is kind, and pours his bleſſings down,

Not

Not Miſer-like, but with a bounteous hand;
Who knows, but Fate reſerves this to the laſt,
To make invalid all the other gifts?
Diſtruſt is worſe than Death; and blind the ſenſe:
So Night, to the dull Phlegmatick, creates
The Aiery nothings which fancy riſe;
But when the warring Senſes rouze the Soul
To active heat, ſtreight the *Chimæra*'s fled:
Then let not thought, form'd from deſpair, give birth
To Beings far unworthy of your breaſt.

Enter a Souldier.

Sert. What means this rudeneſs, in our privacy?
Sould. Some Strangers new arriv'd do beg admittance.
Sert. Conduct 'em in. [*Ex. Souldier.*

SCENE V.

Caſſius, *to* Sertorius *and* Bebricius.

Caſſ. Art thou *Sertorious*?
Sert. Men do call me ſo. Art thou a *Roman*?
Caſſ. View well my face; then judge.
Sert. By Heav'n, 'tis *Caſſius!*
That noble *Roman*, who appears to me
As the laſt remedy to dying men;
Or life, or death, attend as the effect.
When *Rome*, in *Sylla*, made me Exile; Thou,
In my neceſſity the only Friend,
I left as Guardian to my Life, my Soul;
Four Suns have paſt the *Zodiack*, ſince to me
They've bleſt this eye with my *Terentia*'s ſight:
Say, *Caſſius*, lives ſhe? or to bleſſed Shades,
Doom'd by the Gods to an untimely Fate,
Sh' has chang'd for Immortality? Yet hold!
[Caſſius *offers to ſpeak.*
Dead is the Fatal period of thy words:
Night is not more ally'd to *Chaos*, than
This diſmal ſound, if utter'd, is to Death. *Caſſ.*

Caſſ. She lives, *Sertorius*: lives, to bleſs thy ſight;
To baniſh into Air thy doubts and fears.
Sert. I ask no other Heav'n, you Gods, than this;
For joys of Paradiſe, *Elizium* Shades,
Are Fictions to the real bliſs ſhe brings.

SCEN. VI.

Sertorius, Terentia, &c.

So breaks the Sun, from out the Artic Pole,
And with it Day, baniſhing Night from thence.
Ter. My paſt misfortunes, whoſe obdurate Sence
Sat heavy here, now vaniſh at thy ſight:
Long abſence, wing'd by nobleſt Fire, ſets on;
And the great extaſy of flowing joys
Lethe paſt dangers with the preſent bliſs.
Sert. Thou all of excellence! how ſhall I pay
The mighty debt! for, by my life, I ſwear
The Sence of Seeing to the Center moves,
And makes a mutiny of thought, within
The Organ of my ſpeech. Let me admire;
And by my Eye, which greedily delights
To meet each glance, judge of the Pow'r Love.
Ter. Leave, my *Sertorius*, this Courtly Stile;
And, in ſuch words with which thou won'ſt my breſt,
Say I am welcom.
Sert. Gods and Men, ſtand mute,
While, both to Heav'n and Earth, *Sertorius* owns
Life, Health, and Happineſs, without thy ſight
Dwindle to nought, and fill an Airy ſound:
Not abſent Gods, from their Etherial Thrones
Frightned by *Typhon*, did with greater joy
Again poſſeſs their Heav'n, than I my fair.
Ter. No Muſick of the *Spheres* could raiſe my Soul
Into a height like this. Gods, on my knees,
I offer up my pray'rs of Sacrifice;
Contemn the many dangers I have paſt:
Since, from thoſe clouds which vail'd my happineſs,

The Sun of comfort uſhers on a Calm.
Sert. Heav'n has reſtor'd the Treaſure which I fougl
Given o're, as Shipwrack'd upon *Sylla*'s Rock:
While preſt with grief, beneath the mighty loſs,
A happy moment makes me bleſs the Day,
In giving back the All that I admire;
For, by thy ſelf, on thy fair hand I ſwear,
I would not change for a Celeſtial Seat.
Ter. And by my life, wound up within thy Fate,
[*They embrace.*
The joys of Heav'n, Society of Gods,
Are not ſo charming as thy beſt-lov'd ſelf.
Bebr. Bleſt Lady, which to *Luſitania* brings
The peace our Country has ſo often ſought,
So oft with piles of Incenſe fill'd the Air,
And with the pray'rs of Nations in the Cloud
Arriv'd, and gain'd acceptance from the Gods.
Sert. Oh, *Caſſius*, this noble man has ſpoke,
At once, her Virtue, and thy Worth. What man
Was ever bleſt like me, from Time and Chance,
Through the dark Labyrinths of miſtic Fate,
To taſt of joys like mine, and live? You Gods,
Allay the Extaſy; which grows ſo faſt,
That life, in motion, flags to keep its pace.
Ter. I tread on Air; and view around the Days,
Which fleet, like Shadows, tho they harbor'd Death.
Like Prophets, lightned by the Sacred fire,
Forget the giddy Chance, and to the God
In rapture celebrate the turns of Fate:
Thus, bleſt by Love, I fly into thy arms.
Where thy ſight meſures, there's the bleſſed place;
And in that Circle joys of Heav'n are found.
Sert. I am all Rapture; and will hence remove,
To pay the Tribute of an ardent Love;
Gaze on thoſe eyes which do theſe joys create,
And view the charming object of my Fate:
Then, extaſy'd, to greater bliſs I'll fly;
Contemn the gaudy Manſions of the Sky,
And wrapt in thy embrace for ever lye.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

A Noiſe of Mutiny.

PERPENNA.

Perp. HELL, and Confuſion! how they rend the Air
With endleſs clamors! Angry Elements,
When meeting, cannot form a ſound, that bears
More horror in't: No voice but cries aloud,
Lead to *Sertorius*! which the Traytreſs eccho
From off the Hills reverberates, and makes
No ſound but his combat the yielding Air.
Oh, giddy Fortune, and uncertain Chance,
Upon whoſe ſlipp'ry path I've trod ſo long,
Into what Maze you've led me! Muſt I live
To ſee my ſelf bereav'd of Fame, to plume
The Minion that I hate?——Ha! who art thou,
That bring'ſt a terror with thee?

SCEN. II.

Aufidius, Perpenna.

Auf. A Friend, *Perpenna*:
Who bids his General fly; or elſe ſubmit
To lay the Storm, by your conſent to march.
All arguments are vain; wounds but inflame
Their burning rage, and turn into deſpair
What hope could form. Hark how the Tempeſt roars,
As if they meant to force conſent from *Jove*!
By ſtrenuous voices ſo impulſe the Air,
As make Convulſions in his Starry Orb!

SCEN. III. *A confus'd Noiſe within.*

Grecinus, Perpenna, Auſidius.

Grec. Ceaſe to conſider, if you mean to live.
So breaks the Sea, through the oppoſing banks,
And with its Torrent headlong ruſhes Fate:
Your Friends are, to their fury, Sacrific'd;
No argument but Swords, no ſpeech but Blows,
Plead reſolution to go on through Fate.

SCEN. IV. *Repeated Noiſes.*

A Centurion *to them.*

Cent. Perpenna, ſo I was commanded call thee,
For the incenſed Souldiers ſwear to chuſe,
From out the Legions, Chiefs, and form a Head
That ſhall to *Oſca* lead their Warlike Bands.
Metellus, and young *Pompey*, they deſpiſe;
And to *Sertorius* fame are *Proſetytes:*
Say, whether Concord to the Armed croud
Thou ſend'ſt in ſalutation, or Neglect?
Perp. If that my memory fails not, thou art he,
When all the *Cohorts* bent to mutiny
In the *Apulian* fields, killing the Slave
Ambitious to be heard, didſt lay the Storm:
How art thou chang'd! how loſt from what thou wert!
Thoſe Silver hairs, wain'd in the *Roman* Camp,
Should be example of her Diſcipline;
Not head of factious Slaves againſt their Lord,
Who made 'em what they are.
Cent. Thus low, I bow
To great *Perpenna*, as my General.
When the raſh Croud mov'd with the Face of Death,
Leſt ſome Officious Slave, inur'd to noiſe,
Plebeiac ſport, wrought up the miſchief higher;
I took this ſhape upon me, and muſt beg

(How-

(How'e the boldneſs they compell'd me to
Reliſh your ſenſe) you would give way to join
Whom public Fame ſpeaks loud: They all concur,
If you reſiſt, to give you bound and chain'd
Unto the *Luſitanian* General.
Be ſpeedy, e're the happy hour is fled.
Auf. Neceſſity compels; you muſt obey.
Perp. Did I not fear (for I'm my ſelf ſecure)
My *Fulvia*'s harm, th' inſulting Slaves ſhould feel
Alcides labors dwelt upon my Sword:
But, ſince ill Chance ſits heavy on my Fate,
Fly hence, my Friends, uſe all your art and pow'r,
Let *Hermes* dictate, and the Gods inſpire;
Take with you this good man, and tell the Throng,
Perpenna condeſcends to lead 'em on:
Speak all the taking words that can be thought,
And Reign for ever in *Perpenna*'s breſt.
Cent. Fear not ſucceſs: this news, like Balm to wounds,
Will lay the anguiſh, and ſet free their doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

PERPENNA.

Perp. VVas there no way to paſs the Labyrinth?
No ſubtil Clue the myſtic path to find?
You partial Gods, why Crown'd you with ſucceſs?
VVas it to add to th' Laurels which he wears?
Now, by the juſter Pow'rs that war within,
And make a Tempeſt in my Soul, he dyes.
Not angry *Dæmons*, to ſubvert the VVorld
To ancient *Chaos*, and inlarge their Rule,
VVrapt in the darkeſt Clouds too ſtrong for light,
The ample Character of Hell's deſign:
Mine greater, more ſecure. Hypocriſie,
Thou ſmootheſt Devil that can Gods beguile,
Rule in my brain; and dictate to my ſenſe
Miſchiefs, excelling Heav'n or Hell toforge.

SCEN.

SCEN. VI.

Fulvia, Perpenna.

Ful. VVhy all this Tempeſt, *Cneius*? Look o're Fate;
And, from the Braſen Volumes, raſe the hour
That threatens ruin. Are you mute at this?
Could you, like *Hercules*, perform anew
His Hydra-labour, it were certain hope;
But gainſt the VVinds and Seas uſurping rage,
Like Mariners within the giddy Bark,
Mix words with Air, and execrate in vain,
To great men is ignoble? Ebs and Flows
Of Earthly bliſs, ſhould to the noble prove
Like the fixt Rocks i'th' VVatry Element.

Perp. So fir'd *Prometheus* Image with the Flame
Stoln from *Apollo*'s Car, as at this ſound
Thoſe wave'ring thoughts which mutiny'd within
Vapor to Air, as Myſts before the Sun:
Thou chid'ſt my Fair; but with the famed art
That *Orpheus* drew *Eurydice* from Hell;
Thy words, like Charms, make me adore thy form,
And pay thee, Mortal, worſhip that's Divine.
Say, thou, my life, and be as Oracle;
VVhile thy *Perpenna*, ſubſtitute to thee,
Grows with the ſound.

Ful. Muſt I then Counſel give,
And form the thought that muſt evade ill Chance?
Since Heav'n and thee concurring will it ſo,
Unite *Sertorius* pow'r, and diſſipate
Thoſe clouds of Fury which uſurp thy Face:
Ill Angels hover o're deſpairing men
And breed a mutiny within the Soul;
VVhile the good Spirits act in will alone,
Sigh out their woes and loſe their words in Air,
Imperfect ſound. None but the wretched feed
On abject hope: for God-like men create,
From the extreams of ruine, certain bliſs.

So

So the skill'd Sea-man, at vaſt diſtance knows
VVhen the Salt Surges war the Element:
Incluſe within the noble Veſſel, braves
The angry Seas, tho ruffled to a ſtorm.
Perp. Oh *Fulvia*, 'tis the torture of the damn'd
To rack with thought of Paradiſe that's loſt;
But thou, as when the ſpangled lights are hid,
And all the Heav'ns in darkneſs are array'd,
Mortals diſtract with fear of endleſs night,
Till the bright Sun does uſher in the day:
Half dead, twixt doubt and fear, thou giv'ſt new life,
And call'ſt from exile all my Reaſon back.
There's ſomething thunders in my Ears, revenge,
Pierces like Lightning; but has left its fire
Fixt in my breſt, which like to *Ætna* burns.
Ful. Let it burn on; it is a noble fire;
And, in the blaze, let the great *Hero* fall:
Make *Luſitania* the Funeral Pile,
Her Cities, Structures Temples, periſh all,
And from the fire let greatneſs take its birth.
Perp. Let me embrace thee, O thou Excellence!
VVhoſe words have rais'd a fury in my breſt
Prompt to revenge; but yet ſo form'd, ſo wrought,
That Gods may wonder, and not Fate prevent.
Yes, we will meet *Sertorius*; to his bane;
And in a dubious language wrought with guile,
Merit belief: till, moſt ſecure, he falls.
So when Serenity of air by heat
Becoms perſpicuous, and the azure skye
The jarring Element of Fire reflects;
Through ſubtleſt wounds the Soul her paſſage takes
And leaves the Body ſenſleſs of her flight:
So ſhall *Sertorius* fall, ſuch is his Fate,
No Thunder ſhall fore-run the deadly flaſh.
Ful. Now thou art worthy of my love, and court'ſt
In Treaſure that ſurmounts a *Danae*'s ſhowr:
My ſoul's tranſplanted in thy breſt, and forms
A God-like thought, apt to a Pow'r ſupream:
Seated by thee, I view the lower VVorld,

The brood of Chance, like giddy Atoms reel;
VVhile, like the Gods, we ſcatter, or collect, [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VII.

CASSIUS.

Caſſ. VVhat ſtrange Infection rules within my breſt,
And Riots in my blood? Not liquid fire,
By its firſt cauſe fomented, burns more fierce
In the Earths Center, than I flame within.
'Twere better, *Caſſius*, to unſheath thy Sword,
And open all the ſluces of thy life;
That, in a deluge to the other world,
Thy blood may ſtill the Furies, and thy Soul
VVander an Exile in *Elizium* ſhades.
'Sdeath, how was it begotten? ſo impure,
I dare not give it name. You Fates unkind,
VVhy doom'd you love in ſo ſiniſter way?
Now, my ill *Dæmon* whiſpers in my Soul
I muſt love on, and live. Ha! ſee, ſhe coms!

SCEN. VIII.

Terentia, Caſſius.

Ter. Are you not well, my Lord, that you retire
From the ſociety of Friends? we're now
Beyond the barbarous extents of *Rome*;
Forget the baſe Proſcribing City, and
W' inhabit, and enjoy a Paradiſe.
What ſullen thought can then uſurp your breſt?
If in *Sertorius* pow'r, or mine, it lyes,
Your merit pleads, and Friendſhip bids command.
Caſſ. Nor you, nor he muſt grant; the gift's ſo great,
And my ambition ſwell'd to ſuch a height,
None but the only Jewel of his Crown
Will calm the rage of warring paſſions here.
(What have I ſaid? what Devil did inſpire

With

With words ſo killing to my Fame? I'm loſt;
Hurry'd to ruin, by reſiſtleſs Charms.) [*Aſide.*
Ter. Ranſack his Treſury, and call it yours;
Did it contain more wealth than *India* knows:
No gift can equal ſuch a Friend as you.
Caſſ. Ah, Madam, you're ſo excellently good,
Plac'd in a Sphere remote, beyond the World;
But wretched I, wander in endleſs night,
And hate the Day, which brought my miſery.
In vain I hope redreſs; in vain complain
Unto the Air; large floods of briniſh tears
With ſighs, commix:——(Heav'n, ſtrike me dumb for ever,)
Or I ſhall tell the Cauſe of all my griefs;
And, with it, bring inevitable Fate! [*Aſide.*
Ter. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange! But; *Caſſius*, I muſt know
From what hid Spring theſe mighty Torrents riſe.
I always thought you worthy, and would ſtrive,
Knew I but how, to eaſe theſe fits of grief:
You ſaid, a Jewel; can a Toy, like that,
Render confus'd the nobleneſs of mind?
Caſſius is wiſer; and, I fear, has felt
The change of quiet, by his Country's change:
Met ſome obdurate Fair, inur'd to ſcorn,
Stranger unto your worth. Is't not from thence?
Tell me; and, by our Friendſhip, were ſhe Flint,
Harder than Adamant, I'd melt her breſt;
Infuſe into her Soul the pangs of Love,
And make her proud to merit ſuch a choice.
Caſſ. (Something I fain would ſay; but when my words
Do croud for utt'rance, they're confus'd and loſt.
I will——yet I will not —— Death here ſhall rule,
E're I the fatal Secret do reveal.) [*Aſide.*
Your pity, Madam's ill beſtow'd on me,
Who labor under the extreams of Fate,
Foreſee the Goal which I ſhall ne're arrive,
And languiſh in the ſight of Heav'n I wiſh:
Yet, there is ſomthing, in your words, creates
A kind of quiet here, and reſt unknown,
Allays the mutiny of warring thoughts,

And breaks, like light, thorough my Chaos ſenſe.
Ter. Give me your hand; conſider as we go;
If I am worthy of the ſecret Cauſe,
Fear not ſucceſs; I'll be your Advocate:
Or, if a Kingdom's loſs can buy your peace,
Sertorius, to regain a Friend like you,
With hands profuſe would ſlight the gaudy Rule,
And, in th' extreams of Friendſhip, prove a Friend.
Caſſ. Upon the utmoſt rim of Earth I ſtand;
And, the leaſt motion, down the Precipice
Headlong I fall, giddy with doubts and fears:
I ſee my Fate, but cannot Fate prevent. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. IX. *Drums and Trumpets.*

On the one ſide, Bebricius, *with* Luſitanians: *On the other*, Auſidius, *with* Romans, *Crown'd with Garlands, and Olive-Branches in their hands.*

Auf. Health to *Sertorius*, *Perpenna* ſends,
Union, and Concord, Palms, and Olive-Crowns,
Trophies and Spoils, ta'ne from the tawny *Gauls*:
The pledg of Friendſhip, bonds of Unity.
Bebr. A *Roman* conſtancy and Faith, commends
The great *Sertorius*; proud of ſuch Ally.
Open the *Phalanx*; ſound the voice of War:
And fill the Heav'ns with Battel-harmony.

SCEN. X. *Loud ſhouts: a Flouriſh.*

Lictors, *bearing Faſces*; Roman *Officers*; *then* Sertorius; *attended by* Caſſius, Norbanus, Craſſus, Ligurius. *Is met in like manner by* Perpenna, *attended by* Manlius, Grecinus, *&c. They view each other.*

Perp. Fame, which to mighty deeds extends her wings,
Has, from the Confines of wide-ſpreading *Gaul*,
To view a Man famous as ancient Gods,
Drawn me *Perpenna*, to admire thy Fate.

Nor

Nor find I leſs than what I ſought; a Man,
Great as the Founder of Imperial *Rome*:
Who, like a God, does with his preſence awe.
Give here our Standard, now no more our own;
Lictors, your Faſces proſtrate at his feet;
And all your Chiefs, which own'd me for your head,
Pay here Allegiance: for *Perpenna* vows,
By the bleſt light which guilds the Day, he lives
Wholly devoted to *Sertorius* will.

Sert. You make me bluſh through all my honour'd Scars,
Naming my deeds, which are by your's eclips'd;
The Starry Light, to *Cynthia*'s Orb compar'd:
Believe me, noble *Roman*, I'm more proud
Of this Days honour, by ſo fam'd a man;
That all the glories of my life fall ſhort,
When this is nam'd. Bear high the Faſces ſtill,
and let the lofty Eagle raiſe her Creſt;
For, by the loves and lives of all my Friends,
Sertorius bows to ſo much Fortitude.

Perp. Now, by the God which bears the name of War,
His mighty Soul's tranſplanted in thy breſt:
The Shields of *Rome*, are forg'd, Metallic droſs;
Thou only Patriot, exil'd in a Storm
Of Brutal rage: *Fabius*, *Camillus*, all
The nobleſt Spirits inhabit in thy mind;
And, while I praiſe thy Virtue, thoughts Divine
Poſſeſs my Brain, and elevate my Soul.

Sert. We're Men, *Perpenna*; Men, by Fate choſe out
To lanch through all the Terrors of the World;
Frail, mortal Men, ſubject to every Chance:
And while we praiſe our ſelves, we rob the Gods,
Let it ſuffice I am thy Virtue's Creature:
For, by the Gods, I covet to be thine.
Bebricius, *Caſſius*, nobleſt Friends, come on,
And, with the Gordian-knot of Friendſhip, tye
[*Shouts, and* Trumpets, *&c. They all embrace.*
This mighty Union—Now, let *Pompey* come,
Metellus, or the ſource of Civil War,
Sylla, attended with his dire effects;

Like angry Gods, we'l hurl deſtruction down;
Blaſt all their hopes, and ſcatter all their pow'r:
For Heav'n in this ſecures the worſt of Fate,
And marks it out the Raiſing of our Swords.

Perp. Where e're *Sertorius* leads, ſo winds break looſe;
Both Air and Earth ſuffer Convulſive fits:
Not angry *Parcæ*, mounted on a Plague,
In greater numbers kill, than where thy Sword
Points out the fatal compaſs, and makes way;
Like loudeſt Bolts forg'd by the *Cyclops* hands,
The mighty weapons of an angry *Jove*.
Proud to obey the Legions ſtand; their Chiefs
Glow *Ætna* like, and courage fills the Nerves,
While the hot-Will only the Signal waits.

Sert. When brave *Perpenna* leads the coldeſt Soul
With Emulative Virtue Flames, and courts
The diſmal'ſt objects, and the ſharpeſt fights;
And when the noble Bird of *Jove* ſoars high,
The Pyes, and flocks of chatt'ring Jayes diſperſe,
Beat on the wing, and court the Mountains womb,
And Rocky Cliffs, for Shelter. Give command
The *Salij* enter, to perform thoſe Rites
Apt to the will of Heav'n, and lives of Men.

SCEN. XI.

An Altar diſcover'd. Enter the Flamen *of* Mars, *attended by the* Salij. *While* Sertorius *and* Perpenna *ſtand on each ſide the Altar, is Sung this* SONG.

In Erebus, *and in the loweſt ſhades,*
Of ancient Chaos, and old Kingdom Night,
Where the fierce Element of Fire ne'r fades,
Where horrors, and the Terrors of the ſight
The Pow'rs Immortal, tho ſecure, affright:
Thou, in the Genius of Alcides, *Reign'd,*
And made the God-like Labors ſoon obtain'd.

Son

Son of Juno, *God of War,*
Who in bloud and death delights,
Which ſtill adorn thy mighty Car,
And fire the brave in fierceſt fights:
From Thrones Etherial, ſee, O ſee,
The ſtricteſt bonds of unity,
Through Death and Wounds offer'd to thee.

Here the Incenſe is lighted on the Altar; Sertorius *and* Perpenna *ſhake hands over the ſmoke: the* Salij *Dancing a Warlike dance, to the honor of* Mars.

Sert. Bebricius, haſt to *Oſca*; Summon all
The *Roman* Orders, to the Sacred place
Of *Jupiter Feretrius*: There aſſembled,
In a full Senate, tell the Conſcript Fathers,
Sertorius leads their Pow'r to *Sucron* Fields;
And Heav'n indulgent, with a mighty force
Whom fam'd *Perpenna* to their Army joyns,
Eager for fight, as famiſh'd men for food,
Haſts to revenge on the Tyrannic Fo.
Then, to *Terentia* thy ſelf addreſs;
Say, that *Sertorius* invocates the hours
Swiftly to move the Orb which rules the Day,
And fleeteſt Time counts tardy in his flight,
Till the long'd minute uſhers my return.
Bebr. None more can covet to obey, than I;
Tho the great Goddeſs I adore comes on,
Fierceſt *Bellona*, whom in bloud I court:
But, ſuch the Magic is which Friendſhip holds,
I'll fly to *Oſca* and neglect the Day.
Perp. to Auf. Yet hold thy haſty ſteps, till *Cneius* ſpeaks.
Bring *Fulvia* hither, thou my beſt of Friends,
In Battel often try'd, as Gold by fire,
But far out-ſtripping *Plutus* Mines of Ore. [*Ex.* Auf.
Let me intreat the mighty man of War, [*To* Sert.
When he the weakneſs of *Perpenna* knows,
That he'd forget the frailty of that man
Whoſe ſilent hours (if ſuch the Great can know)

Are

Are fetter'd with the Charms of pow'rful Love:
Our Patron *Mars* oft, from his Seat of War,
To Revel with the beauteous Queen of Love,
Forgets his beſt-lov'd ſound for ſoft embrace.
But ſee, ſhe coms! now let her beauty plead.

SCEN. XII.

Fulvia, *to them.*

Sert. By *Venus* ſelf, there's more than mortal in her!
Perpenna cannot err; for joyes he reaps,
The Amorous Gods would ſlight their gaudy Sky,
And covet to enjoy her Heav'n of Love.
Perp. So Mortals to the Sacred Fane reſort,
Latona's Son Invoking for ſucceſs;
With greater heat, when Battel calls, go on,
As in thy preſence: ſuch the pow'rful ſway
Of Beauty's Empire. Doubtful of my Fate,
And from thy Tongue, as from an Oracle,
Expect my Doom: *Pompey*, *Metellus*, brave
The nobleſt *Roman*; to whoſe Fate's ally'd
All the remains *Perpenna* can command.
Ful. Abſence, my *Cneius*, is the Lover's curſe;
The Rack of Torture: yet, when Honor calls,
Thy *Fulvia*'s Rival, ſenſe of Fame grows high,
Pleads in thy cauſe, and for a ſpace keeps down
A floud of tears, which take their ſource from Love.
The fate of Lovers ſhould inſeperate be;
But thou, the killing Terrors to our Sex
Mak'ſt thy Companions; and, in Arms, forget'ſt
Thy ſorrowing *Fulvia*: who, like *Niobe*,
Could weep away the Being that I have.
Perp. Give not a birth to thoughts like theſe, my life;
For, when the Trumpet haſtens to the Charge,
Death broods upon my Sword, till from the Field
Spred o're with ſlain, with Laurel Crown'd I haſt
To pay the glories at my *Fulvia*'s feet.
Thou, as the Treſure of my life, my Soul,
Muſt hence to *Oſca*: this brave Stranger here

And ſtout *Grecinus* wait the way.
Caſſ. aſide. The envious Gods, which pleſure in our pain,
Have given the happy minute from my hope.
Oh, my *Terentia*! bloud nor death can lay
The mighty anguiſh that thy eyes have made.
Ful. One look, before I go, and that's the laſt:
The taſt of parting joys ſo much increaſe,
That I could gaze my very Soul away.
Perp. Such pow'r, the God pointed within that Ray,
Has chang'd the thought of Battel to deſire,
And a few minutes would transform me quite
Sert. Sound Drums, and Trumpets; Riſe, you noble Souls,
Fir'd with the harmony of ſounds ſo ſweet:
Let corage dictate, and your Swords out-do
The angry Fates. To Arms, my Friends; to Arms:
Oh, may the Fortune of the Day lay waſt
The many miſchiefs which attend on War,
While the kind Gods auſpiciouſly afford
A blooming Peace, to Crown the Victor's Sword.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

FULVIA.

NOT ſubtil Fire, from *Jove*'s *Olympus* hurl'd
In Airy tracts to mortal eyes recluſe,
Can be more deadly than the Plots I've form'd;
The old, the young, the dull *Saturnine* Soul,
And him whoſe lightneſs is *Silenus* like,
Wander the pleaſant Maze; ſo form'd by thought,
And by the Magic of my beauty Charm'd:
So the dull Pilot from the Helm is drawn;
Rapt with the Extaſy of ſound, which bears
Inevitable bane, from *Syrens* Tongues.
Greatneſs, in my *Perpenna*, 'tis I aim;
And, while in Fields he ſteals the Soldiers hearts,
I'll make a greater conqueſt here at home.

SCEN.

SCEN. II.

Bebricius *muſing*, Fulvia.

Bebr. Like Travellers, by light deluſive led,
I've wander'd from my reaſon, and have trod
The myſtic Labyrinth of mighty Love.
Say then; *Bebricius*, ſhe be virtuous, good,
Stranger to thy requeſts, and cold as Ice!
Let her be ſo; the coyeſt may be won:
And ſhall I faint, when Paradiſe falls ſhort
To the bleſt joys which dwell upon her lips?
Ha! ſhe is here! I grow unto the Earth; [*Starts.*
And the unruly Devil promts my Tongue.
Had I the Charms that Youth and Beauty bring,
The pow'r of Gods, or of their Subſtitutes;
To the Divinities which habit there,
And make a Throne Celeſtial in thoſe eyes,
I'd proſtrate all, and, with the gift, my ſelf:
But, void of theſe, how ſhall I frame my ſpeech
To merit pity? Say, thou beauteous Creature,
If I offend, in ſaying that I love?
For, If I do, the World muſt err, like me;
Worſhip thoſe Eyes, as *Perſians* do the Sun,
And juſtly Idolize thy excellence.

Ful. Bebricius turn'd a Lover, at theſe years!
Does the ſoft God captive the Man of War?

Bebr. Madam, he does; at vaſt expenſe he rules;
Tributes my being, makes my heart his Seat:
Ill Chance, to Camps and Martial deeds inur'd,
Has taught my Tongue a harſh unpoliſh'd way;
Yet Truth and Honeſty, abſent from Courts
Where gaudy Birds with borrow'd Feathers wing,
Dwells in my language. Poſſibly you may,
For I expect it, uſe me with neglect;
Do more than Daggers points could, wound:
But I have ſaid, and wait my Deſtiny.

Ful. Are you then ſerious? Was not all this form'd,

In-

Invented, to delude the hours away;
The tedious hours? For, Since *Perpenna*'s abſence,
Each day's delay appears an Age to me.
Bebr. Ev'n from the firſt which bleſt me with your ſight,
I've felt the pow'r of Beauty in my Breſt,
Languiſh'd in Torture, and have hug'd my chain:
Morpheus could ne'r cloſe up my eyes with reſt,
But your Idea Revel'd in my Soul.
Ful. Hold, Sir. This dialect does ill becom
The Tongue of him I alwaies thought a Friend.
Thus far, my Innocence will guard it ſelf;
But farther, were a crime that unbefits
Perpenna's choice. Leave me, thou wretched man:
I will not puniſh thee with ought, but Love.
Bebr. Know, cruel Fair, life without hope is Hell;
Wretched, as they who dwell in endleſs night:
I dreaded the ill Fate, which did compel
This doom from you. See, thou cruel Woman,
And judg, by this, the wondrous pow'r of Love,
Ful. What means *Bebricius*?
Bebr. Say, when I am dead,
Bebricius Life and Love were ſo unite.
That Death it ſelf fell ſhort to ſeperate.
If there be paths the Soul when baniſh'd treads,
Whether on burning *Phlegeton*, or *Styx*;
Upon the flaming Shores I'll call on thee,
And make thy Spirit loſe all mortal bliſs,
Rack'd with the Sympathy of pains like mine.
Ful. Hold, barbarous man. Is't not enough I heard,
And in it ſuffer'd; but thou threat'ſt my Fame:
When vulgar crouds, not promt to judg, ſpeak loud,
Enlarge Report, ſpread wide her Airy wings,
With ſeeming Subjects blazing Infamy?
If thou doſt love, in death it ſelf, the Soul,
Th' eſſential Seat of the Divinity,
Still cares, with danger of the living's fate:
And wilt thou wound in death, what living thou
Ador'ſt?
Bebr. Rather than ſuffer pains beyond all ſpeech,

Languiſh in Torture to Eternity,
I'll live to merit: but when ſtranger thoughts
Do find a gentle paſſage in your breſt,
Oh, let the memory of your Slave appear
A pitying object, ſuing for relief.
Ful. Death waiting on a Lover's words, till now
I've been a ſtranger to; you've ta'ne a way
To merit pity: what th' effects may be,
I dare not gueſs; but Time will lighten all.
Bebr. So Gods, when mortals doom'd to Shades below,
Revoke the Sentence of the ſinking Soul,
And give a glimps of Heav'n unto their ſight,
To baniſh from the thought the fears of Night. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. III.

Caſſius, Terentia.

Caſſ. From Fortune's *Minion*, ſorrowing *Caſſius* coms,
Where Slaughter gluts upon the Bodies ſlain,
Paſtime and ſport, to the rough Sons of War;
Senſleſs to me the gaudy feaſt appear'd;
For here, within my breſt, I feell a grief
That makes a Fiction of the *Vulture*'s gripe:
Yet, when *Sertorius* ſpoke, with haſt I fled,
To pay the duty of a Friend and Lover;
And felt a kind of eaſe in his Commands.
Ter. Has the indulgent Gods then heard my pray'rs?
Lives he, ſecure of wounds from envious men?
Say, noble *Caſſius*, and delight my ſenſe.
Caſſ. None worthy fear; the badges of his Fame,
Which mark'd him Hers; then took an Airy flight,
Swell'd with the Greatneſs, meſures out the Earth,
And makes the Heav'ns too little for her head.
Ter. How has th' Ignoble paſſion froze my bloud;
And, from the height of joyes, hurl'd headlong down
Too forward Hope! Gods, is he wounded then?
His mind's ſo great, ſlighting the honor'd breach,
Death, like a Thief, may ſteal away his life.

Caſſ. Oh, Madam, doom me not the Harbinger
Of woes ſo killing, 'leſs within my ſelf:
His Fate's beyond the reach of vulgar men;
Who ſuffer, meriting a kind belief,
But vaniſh at his Name: As when the Sun
Mounts up *Olympus* hill, the ſpangled Lights
Shrink in their Beams, and diſappear, till Night
Calls forth her Ornaments.
Ter. Let's haſt; let's fly;
Add wings unto our ſteps: forget the name
Which breeds Impatience in a Lover's breſt.
Caſſ. (To the wide Region of the Air I ſpeak:
Like *Tantalus*, ſee that which flies my taſt,
And leaves me Tortur'd with the cruel thought.) [*Aſide.*
Ter. Why ſtay we here, and not attend the Triumph?
Preſs to his ſight, and uſe a Lover's haſt.
Caſſ. We, Madam, move within a diff'rent Sphere;
A *Venus*, you; and a dull *Saturn*, I:
Yet willingly, to meet a Friend like him.
Swift would the motion be; but all within
Is loſt, in viewing of an object, hid
To vulgar eyes: but, to my Optics, plain
As Night from Day. (Her Innocence deſtroys,
Faſter than thought can form a glimps of hope!)
Ter. You ſpeak a Dialect that's myſtic, *Caſſius*;
And ſhow the mighty change from what you were:
For words confus'd betray an inward grief.
Now, by *Sertorius*, pity rules my breſt;
And, did not expectation of his ſight
Raiſe high my Soul, I ſhould Conjure thee now
By the ſtrict bonds of Friendſhip, to reveal
What works this change: for, *Caſſius*, I perceive
That words imperfect habit in thy ſpeech.
Sometimes, thy bloud fluſhes upon thy cheeks;
Seeming to ſpeak, thou check'ſt the haſty ſound,
Changeſt complexion to the paleſt hue.
Caſſ. The Gods themſelves may, from Divinity,
Unfold the *Adamantine* leaves of Fate;
But there the name of *Caſſius* is impreſt

So light, that wand'ring Pow'rs the object view,
Shunning the Sight, ſinks through the myſtic Writ.
Each hour I languiſh, and my pain's confin'd
To th' Center of my Senſe; Racks torture leſs:
Yet, ſuch the will of Heav'n, that I muſt live,
Still view at diſtance all the Heav'n I wiſh,
Dumb to requeſt a helping, pitying hand,
Whoſe very touch would, by a pow'r Divine,
Paſs through it's virtue to a bleeding heart.

Ter. What God haſt thou offended, who ſhould thus
Command *Megæra* to let looſe a Snake?
But tell me, *Caſſius*; when my *Quintus* coms,
From the *Penates* to the *Sylvan* croud,
Or from the height of Heav'n to th' depth of Hell,
Not one we'l leave unſought, or uninvok'd.

Caſſ. Nor Gods, nor Men, did *Caſſius* e're offend,
In Honor, or in Virtue: ſhould I looſe
The ſtubborn Reins which guide our human will,
I might have eaſe; but on it there attends
A greater plague; Death, which gives eaſe to all,
Will leave me reſtleſs in my Urn. But ſee!
The *Luſitanians* croud to wait his ſight.
Now muſt this light of mine for darkneſs change.

Ter. Such is the pow'r of Friendſhip, that I've loſt
The ſplendid thought which brings *Sertorius* home. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. IV.

Sertorius, *in Triumph, crown'd with Laurel; attended by* Perpenna, Auſidius, Manlius, Craſſus, Ligurius, Decius. *They alight from the Chariots.*

Sert. The Gods the juſtneſs of our Cauſe have ſhown,
And made the Air direct the Darts we flung,
While Victory did hover o'r our Arms.
Pompey, whoſe raſhneſs ſpur'd him on to fight,
Thinking that Fortune, which he elſwhere found,
Lacquy'd him here; but the conſtant Dame,
Viewing the mighty havock that we made,
Slighted his youth, and fled unto our Camp.

Perp.

Perp. *Memnius* no more ſhall boaſt his mighty deeds,
Unleſs in the Infernal Shades, whoſe Shores
Swarm with the wretched Ghoſts of *Romans* ſlain;
That *Charon*, groaning with the mighty toyl,
Calls for more aid of *Pluto*, and bemoans
His endleſs labor. Where's *Rome*'s General now?
Where fled to hide himſelf? He's bound to bleſs
The gaudy Trappings which adorn'd his Horſe,
Whoſe ſparkling Gems dazled the barbarous eyes
Fix'd on the object; h' had been Captive elſe:
Metellus force came timely to his aid.

Sert. It did, *Perpenna*; elſe we' had whipt him home,
Wailing his loſs, unto his Patron *Sylla*.
But, when he views the Slaughter we have made,
The num'erous Slain, which ly as Autumn leaves;
He'l find deſtruction waits upon our Swords,
And, when he fights with us, he Combats Fate.

SCEN. V.

Bebricius, *and two Ambaſſadors*, *to* Sertorius, *&c.*

Bebr. Welcom, thou great Triumpher over *Rome*,
Whoſe Sword chaſtiſes her Tyrannic brood;
The Hinds of Fortune, when thou ſound'ſt to Arms:
See how thy Fame has wing'd, and won the breſt
Of *Mithridates*, who thy Friendſhip courts;
That untam'd Prince, made for the *Roman* Scourge,
Whoſe Empire's ſpacious, and his pow'r as great.

1. *Amb.* Hail mighty Warrior! great as *Hanibal*!
Thy Name at diſtance does ſuch terror breed
As when his Camp was in the ſight of *Rome*.
The Lord of Kingdoms does, by us, intreat
Sertorius to his aid: which if he gains,
Pyrrhus, whoſe deeds were dreadful in the Eaſt,
Shall prove but Infant to his killing Sword,
Inur'd to battel, and to Slaughter bred;
Witneſs the dreadful dayes when it appear'd.
Say thou accept'ſt this offer, it again

Shall

Shall act new wonders, and make big the Air:
Then, meeting with the ſound thy deeds create,
Unite into a Terror, dread as Death,
And threaten everlaſting night to *Rome*.

2. *Amb.* If *Aſia*, torn by *Sylla* from his Rule,
Thou wilt give back again to his command;
Five thouſand Talents of the pureſt Gold,
And forty Sail of well-built Ships of War,
Whoſe Prows are Arm'd with mighty beaks of Steel,
Shall plough th' *Atlantic* Ocean. and be thine:
Under thy Banners ſhall his Subjects march;
And *Mithridates*, proud of thy Ally,
Own thee Superior both on Sea and Land.

Sert. Tell *Mithridates*, *Cappadocia*,
And the *Bithynian* Realms, are his again;
But what the *Romans* won by force of Arms,
I cannot in my Honor give away;
Or, from that Empire, lop a member off
Which *Fimbria* won: I'll pledge my faith to him
As far as Honor will permit, no more;
For I will ceaſe to be, e're do a deed
That may diſgrace the actions of my life.
Bebricius, ſee 'em honorably us'd.
If, on the Terms propos'd, your King agrees,
Or your Commiſſions authorize your pow'r,
We ſhall aſſiſt him as our Friend: This day
We give our ſelves to pleſure; but the next
Is for the ſafety of this Common-wealth.

Perp. (Surely the Gods ſtrive to out-vye in gifts;
And all Mankind, not worthy of their care,
Muſt climb the Precipice of Fortune's wheel,
While blindly here ſhe largely gives away.)

SCEN. VI.

Terentia, *to* Sertorius, *&c.*

Sertorius *runs to, and embraces her.*

Sert. More pleſure Gods, you by this object give,
Than all the glories that I've won in fight!

To

To know I'm lov'd by thee, exceeds the joyes
Of bliſs eternal. 'Twas to Heav'n thou pray'dſt,
And the juſt Pow'rs could no denial make;
From the *Olympic* Manſions of the Sky,
Dropt down a Laurel to adorn my Fair.
Ter. Let it find credit in *Sertorius* breſt,
That in thy abſence, as bereav'd of Soul,
My ſpirit hover'd round about thy head:
Still beg'd of *Jove*, in an Etherial ſound,
To break the edge of every Sword, that bore
Death in it's point. Oh, my *Sertorius*! now,
If tongue can utter, or delight can form,
I feel an Extaſy above all thought.

They ſeem to diſcourſe with Caſſius.

Perp. to the Romans. See how the poyſon ſwells, my *Roman* Friends!
Do not their plaudits grow within his breſt?
By Heav'n, we 'tend, like Slaves, upon this Tyrant,
Unworthy notice: while the vulgar croud
Shout up his name to Heav'n, and frighten *Jove*.

SCEN. VII.

Bebricius, *to* Sertorius, *&c.*

Bebr. *Fulvia*, *Perpenna*, ſorrowing thy delay,
Has felt the ſtroke of ſickneſs; but thy ſight
(So ſhe commanded tell thee) brings her health.
Perp. Ha! is ſhe ill? (She has the Signal ſent
Of her ſucceſs; but I muſt hide my joyes!)
You Gods, averſe to all that's great in me,
Why wound you ſo? Let Triumph, Honor, all
Periſh within the thought, e're I delay
A minute longer. 'Sdeath, my Gall will burſt!
Auſidius, *Manlius*, ſound the depth of Fate;
Take all my wiſhes with you: from this hour
We ether make, or loſe all future joyes. [*Exit.*

[Bebr. *and* Caſſ. *whiſper to* Sertorius.

Auf. What makes you ſtudy, *Craſſus*? Is't this ſight?
Or is it that the Croud, neglecting us,
Pay all their Vows to him?

Craſſ.

Craſſ. I know not what
Tumults within; but yet 'twere not amiſs
They thank'd us, for the wounds we got in fight.
Man. Ligurius! Decius! why d'ye bite your lips?
Why writh your looks into an angry frown?
Lig. 'Twas nothing, *Manlius*, but a ſullen thought.
Dec. Mine was the ſame; but, ſee, we are obſerv'd!
Sert. You noble *Luſitanians*, all are bound
To pay the glories of the Day to him,
The brave *Perpenna*, who deſerves your vows:
Not in the VVar of Heav'n, when Godheads Arm'd
And ſhook the mighty Empire of the Sky,
Did the *Cyclopian* bolts out-do his Sword.
Terentia, thou, whoſe longing eyes behold
Thy *Quintus* ſafety, ought to thank him for't.
VVhen bold *Aquinius*, circled round with Fate,
Like the Controller of the Deſtinies,
He forc'd his way: and the ambitious man,
Proud of the growing Glories of the Day,
Fell from th' uſurped Chariot of the Sun.
Ter. 'Tis thou, my life, that doſt inſpire my tongue
VVith thanks, as to a ſaving Pow'r. Oh, where
Had thy *Terentia* been, when Heav'n and Earth,
One trembling, t'other Ecchoing with fierce ſounds,
And Gods impartial throng'd to view the fight,
If the barbarity of him thou ſav'dſt
Had made a breach in life? Show me the man,
That with an obligation infinite
Has freed my fears, and bleſt my eyes again.
Auf. Proud of the honor, fighting by thy ſide,
And glorying in the objects form'd by thee,
A ſervant to thy Fame; *Perpenna* ſaid,
When haſting to embrace whom ſickneſs made
A ſtranger to the ſplendid Scene, his *Fulvia*:
That nought but all the Treſure of his love
Could, in the lucky minute of his life,
Cauſe any ſeparation from his Friend.
Sert. VVhat ſaid *Auſidius*? is *Fulvia* ſick?
Can ſo much beauty temt the Gods to Fate?

Appollo Pythius, miniſter her health;
Summon the followers of the *Delphic* God,
And, with them, tell *Perpenna* how I grieve
At this ſiniſter period of our joyes.
Ter. Good Heav'n, defend! what is't I hear? you Gods,
Can then *Sertorius* bow to any Shrine
Than what ſo oft he' has ſworn by? am I then
Loſt in the novelty? So bliſs, when reapt,
Serves only to delight in abſent thought.
Sert. By Heav'n, the Veſtal fire is not more pure,
Than what my heart does offer up to thee,
The Altar of thy Love, thy Beauty's Throne;
Where thoughts take birth, as Gold by fire Refin'd.
Can I in Friendſhip then commit a crime,
Sorrowing that loſs which might have been our own?
Honor commands a Sympathy in grief:
But Love, the noble paſſion of the Soul,
Does in the glaſs reflect upon it ſelf,
And while it views inflames the Element.
Ter. Forgive me, *Quintus*: ſuch 'the tender ſeat
Where Love's enthron'd, ſuch jealouſies, ſuch cares
'Tend on the Paſſion, that we tread the Maze,
And wander in the Labyrinth of thought,
When the Idea by our Fancy rais'd
Proves Rebel, and with Jealouſy unites:
But now, inlightned by thy words, I feel
Joy in thy preſence; with thee Sympathize.
Sert. Lead forward, Friends, you Sinews of the War,
In ſhape like Men, but in your deeds like Gods;
Divide the Spoils, and Reign for ever here:
While to the Pow'rs Divine we celebrate
Thanks, ſuting to the Glories we have won;
Perfume the locks of the now ſetting Sun. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Cassius Solus.

I FIND my self o'r-pow'r'd, my Reason gon,
The Magic of the Soul has left its sound;
Bereav'd of all the noble *Roman*, now
I walk, and breath pollution to the Air;
Such as might well infect the Antidote:
But like that *Roman*, viewing round his Fate,
Suddenly down the dreadful *Gemonics*,
Preventing the defame of common hands,
Met boldly with his Fate, and brave in death;
Thou, *Cassius*, must at once, (hard Fortune thine!)
Be thy Accuser, Judg, and Murderer,
In death to wipe the scandal from thy Fame:
That, when thy Earthly part's sublim'd with Fire,
Thy Spirit rarify'd, may see thy Urn
Water'd with tears, and hear thy story told.

SCEN. II.

Terentia, Cassius.

Ter. Trust me, thou *Roman*, I lament thy Fate,
Which hurries thee, in paths obscure to us,
Thus to consume: thou seem'st a walking Ghost,
And, like a Spirit, covet'st lonely Shades;
There breath'st complaints; while thy lamenting Friends
Beg, and intreat thou would'st admit of cure:
With folded arms, and looks which shoot themselves
Into the Earth, thou sigh'st denyal out.
Hither I've trac'd thee, and resolve to know
If there be Pow'r in Friendship; or the Name
But Fiction.

Cass. Oh, thou excellently Fair!
Yet from that excellence my griefs proceed.

Did

Did I not feel my Fate graſp faſt my life;
Dumb to my woes, as they by Nature made,
I'd ſink into my Urn.
Ter. Bleſs me, you Pow'rs!
What have I done? what horrid crime committed,
To make a Friend wither, with thought, to ſhade;
The gift of Gods in life? Oh, *Caſſius*, tell;
That, with the haſt of Penitents, I fly
Unto the pitying Gods, which hover o'r
Their holy Manſions: ſay what Sacrifice,
What Vows, what Incenſe may atone their Ire;
For I ſhall never taſt of peace or reſt
Till I, the Cauſe, have quieted thy grief.
Caſſ. White, as the thought of Innocence, thou art;
Pure, like the firſt Creation, from all guilt;
That takes it ſource from the internal frame:
Yet, tho attended, circled round with gifts,
The only Jewel of Heav'ns Treſury,
Such is the violence of head-ſtrong Fate,
I covet——(Oh, how th' unwilling Soul,
Juſt on the brink of ruin, all confus'd,
Caſts a ſad look upon her long-lov'd ſeat,
E're for Immortal change ſhe takes her flight!)
Ter. Oh, free me, *Caſſius*, from theſe doubts and fears,
Which make a Winter's ſtorm within my bloud.
Did I not call upon *Sertorius* love
To raiſe my Soul, depreſt with ſuch a weight,
Sure I ſhould ſink in Sorrow's vaſt Abyſs,
Caſſ. You have commanded, and I will obey:
Free you from this; but fear a ſecond ſtorm,
More dreadful, and more juſt. You call'd on Love!
That raiſes you; but ſinks me down to Hell:
For what, but Love, could thus effect a change;
Transform me from the being that I had?
Ter. I am amaz'd! what is't that *Caſſius* means?
Caſſ. But, oh! when, naming Love, I view that face,
Like him who, gazing on the works of Heav'n,
Loſt life in admiration of the Object!
Pity me, Fair; tho juſtly you condemn:

And, when I ſay 'tis you that I adore,
For you thus wither,——and thus loſe my ſelf; [*Stabs himſelf.*
Say, in my death, That Honor to my Friend
Held a conteſt with Love, and maſter'd it.
Ter. Help, help the wretched; who, diſtract with pain,
Has ſheath'd his killing Dagger in his breſt.

Enter her Women.

Oh, run, *Camilla*; call the Sons of Art,
To ſtay this deluge; in which Life does haſt
To find a paſſage.
Caſſ. In vain is human help.
Let me, in death, Adore; and ſhoot my Soul,
Viewing thy face, into *Elizium* ſhades.
Forgive the boldneſs of my love: tho Death
Coms ſwiftly on; yet, ere the lateſt blaſt,
Let me intreat you'l to my memory
(How-e're you hate me now) be pitiful.

SCEN. III.

Sertorius, Terentia, Caſſius.

Sert. Who was't that call'd for help?——Ha! 'tis my ſelf,
To bear with patience ſuch a ſight as this!
Gods, you're unkind; more cruel, than ſhe's falſe!
By Heav'n, She weeps, and baths him with her tears!
Oh, the inconſtancy of all the Sex;
That damns the living, and torments the dead!
I will retire from hence; and wiſh I could
Forget I e're had being.
Ter. Oh, my Lord,
Stay you ſo long without a helping hand?
Sert. Ha! by Heav'n, ſhe'd make a Property of me!
Death, Hell, and Furies, 'tis too much to bear.
Ter. See here, my Lord, the noble *Caſſius* ſlain.
Sert. What ſaid'ſt thou? *Caſſius* dying? How the word
Has calm'd the paſſion, at the name of Friend!

So

So the Earth's vapors, when the Sun appears,
Diſſolve to Dew. Oh, *Caſſius*! Oh, my Friend!
Tell me, how came this wound imprinted here?
Caſſ. Give me your hand; and ſwear forgiveneſs to me.
Sert. By all the Gods, I do.
Caſſ. Then I ſhall dy
Freed of the bitter anguiſh of the mind.
I have offended, but it was in thought;
'Twas the ill bloud rebell'd within my Veins:
But from the ſluces I have loos'd the ſlave,
And dy a *Roman*; yet my Rebel eyes
Will fix upon the Object of my Soul,
Now plunging o'r the mighty Main of Death. *Dyes.*
Sert. Forbear, thou ſaucy Tyrant, for a while;
If thou want'ſt Subjects for thy eager maw,
I'll give thee thouſands, ſpare me but this one.
He's gon, he's gon; the fleeting Soul has paſt
The bounds of life! Night, out of Chaos take
The blackeſt of thy Wardrobe, thruſt back day,
That all the World may mourn in endleſs Darkneſs.
Weep on, *Terentia:* for thy tears, like Balm,
Will pleaſe his *Manes*, and allay my grief.
Takeup the Body, and erect a Pile
Great as a *Pyramid:* from the bleſt, look down,
And ſee thy laſt of Rites. Oh, might there riſe
Another *Phœnix* from the Sacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. IV.

Fulvia, Perpenna.

Ful. The angry Fates now croud to ſerve our will;
Leſt they ſhould want in miſchief, as in pow'r:
Ligurius, *Decius*, are my Proſelytes,
Greedily ſwallow up the gilded bait,
And hurry on to ruin. But, I fear,
Bebricius Friendſhip will admit no change
For, tho he loves, and to the height of paſſion,
In his rough Soul ſuch Honor is impreſt,

He'l

He'l ſooner turn Apoſtate unto Love
Than derogate from him who fills his praiſe.
Perp. *Craſſus*, *Norbanus*, and *Tribunius* com;
With many more inclin'd unto our Faction.
The lighteſt Souls thou haſt already fir'd,
While the conſid'ering Fools are catch'd by me:
Norbanus honor, nor the Tribuneſhip
Which *Craſſus* has, nor fam'd *Tribunius* charge,
Are ſtrong enough againſt th' aſſaults I make.
Ful. What doom you of *Bebricius*?
Perp. He muſt dy.
Ful. Then, let him dy: but ſhall he fall, before
The Tragedy intended?
Perp. Yes, he muſt:
Leſt he betray us to that Fiend *Sertorius*.
Ful. I think, 'twere better that you let him fall
Aſſociate with the mighty Deity
He Idolizes: let 'em mount together;
And, erring from the ſlipp'ry paths of Heav'n,
Sink headlong down, into eternal Night.
Perp. Retire, my Fair, and invocate of Chance
To ceaſe the motion of her giddy Wheel,
Till I have fixt the Engins of his Fate. [*Exit.* Fulvia.
Anſwer me, *Jove*, in Thunder, if that man
To greatneſs born, by interpoſing Fate
Headlong flung down th' aſpiring Precipice,
Yet lab'ring to regain the mighty top,
Views round the ſpacious Empire of his toil;
Can any guile or fraud aſperſe his fame
Who makes his oppoſite his ſtep to mount?
If thou darſt anſwer me, I wil ſpeak aloud
That *Romulus*, the man thou ſnatch'd from Earth
To Deify, forgetting tyes of bloud,
Remov'd his Brother, to ſecure his Rule.
I dare as much, and court thee in my deeds,
Tho Ill, yet great, and offer 'em to thee;
For thou, with thoughts *Olympic* fir'ſt the brave,
Lifts 'em from Earth into the middle sky,
And points 'em out the Regions of the World:

'Tis

'Tis thee I invocate; and wiſh I could
(As once unto *Lycaon*'s Houſe thou did'ſt)
Turn all into a Flame, and Nature change.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are many Gentlemen without
That wait admittance.
Perp. Go, conduct 'em in:
They're the Conſpirators. *Exit. Servant.*

SCEN. V.

Craſſus, Ligurius, Norbanus, Decius, Tribunius; *to* Perpenna.

Trib. Hail, noble *Roman*!
Craſſ. Hail noble *Cneius*!
Lig. *Dec.* *Nor.* } Hail the great *Perpenna*!
Perp. The *Omen*'s well, that, with a mind unite
To carry on this great deliv'ering work,
We here are met, as at a Signal given:
Tribunius, *Craſſus*, and *Ligurius*,
Norbanus, and good *Decius*, uſe no ſpeech;
But ſeat your ſelves. Now, *Roman* Lords, and Friends,
Once great in Fortune, not in emty ſound;
The all that we enjoy; tho we may feign,
Like melancholy men who Reign in thought,
Revel in joyes, the meer *Idea*'s form'd
From Fancy, wrought into a height by words,
But the effect is Air: Can you, my Friends,
Tho we may credit, in our fulneſs, things
Which ſtupid eaſe creates, be or ſecure or great?
We call our ſelves a Senate, and beget
Thoughts we are truly ſo. *Sertorius* ſays,
When barbarous *Gaul*'s ſack'd *Rome* and lay'd it waſt,
Camillus unto *Vei* made retreat,
Gave out, that *Rome* it ſelf was thither mov'd;

And,

And, for the confirmation, added this:
"Where-e're the Senate was, there *Rome* was ſtill;
Alluding to our abject States, to pleaſe
A few, once Senators, now Exil'd men.
Say then, if *Cneius* may be bold to ſpeak
The plaineſt of his thoughts.
Nor. You have, *Perpenna.*
Craſſ. VV' expect from thee, as from an Oracle.
Lig. Speak free, *Perpenna*; for thou art our Fate.
Perp. Say we have fought, and gain'd a Victory,
If I may call it ſo; but which of you,
From public hands receiv'd the benefit?
Or did the Croud ecchо your names from far;
Or to your Houſes carry you with ſhouts?
If any ſuch be here, then I am mute.
Omnes. None; none, *Perpenna.*
Perp. Know you why it was?
For great *Sertorius*, like a boundleſs Sea,
Swallows the many Riv'lets in his Main.
VVhich of your Swords cut not as deep as His?
I ſaw you fight, and ſtood amaz'd at it.
VVhat have the Barbarous giv'n you in return
For ſuch expenſe? If praiſe will cure your wounds,
The Soldier's purchaſe; whether ſince, or no,
They've thought you worthy merit?
Trib. VVe all fought:
They look'd upon us, rais'd a ſhout, and cry'd,
The Gods reward the noble *Roman* Chiefs.
Perp. I, there it is; the Gods muſt pay you thanks,
VVhile, like a Tyrant, he ingroſſes all;
And leaves us not our fame. But now I'll haſt
To ſearch our hidden griefs. *Sertorius* ſays
Sylla's a Fury; truly, ſo it ſeems,
For, maugre all oppoſers, ſtill he Rules;
His Fame mounts with the Chariot of the Sun,
Riſes and ſets with his Etherial light:
Yet we deſpiſe him, and contemn his pow'r,
Content with ſound, and lull'd with flattery.
Is not the beaten *Pompey* at our walls?

Has

Has not *Metellus* joyn'd him? nay, has not
Sylla threatn'd to be here? yet we ſleep,
Surrounded with theſe dangers. Noble Friends,
If any of you think I uſe this ſpeech
To alienate your Loyalty; of form
Language that bears a bane unto your worths;
Speak, and *Perpenna* ſhall be ever mute.
Lig. Th' haſt freed us from the *Lethargie*, and added
Long-abſent heat: Go on, thou noble *Roman*,
Who, while we ſlept, beheld our certain Fate.
Perp. This City, which, to *Rome*, is like a Star
In magnitude, unto the Moon at full,
He calls *New Rome*; the Superſtitious Croud,
Pleas'd with Novelty, count him a God:
And pay him Adoration. Don't we find,
While we exclaim 'gainſt *Sylla*, *Sylla* here?
Here, in *Sertorius*? is he not Lord of Rule?
Does he not write himſelf Dictator too?
Saves, or deſtroys? are not his words as Laws?
And, tho he Lures us with the name of Friends,
Are we not under his Authority?
When I conſider, noble *Romans*, *Jove*
Rive me with Thunder, if it irks me not,
To ſee our ſelves thus, by our ſelves, deceiv'd.
Nor. Thou'ſt read the myſtic Character of Fate,
And found the number of the Sacred Writ:
Now lead the path, remote from Slavery.
Perp. I were not, *Romans*, worthy of your loves,
Could I not ſhun, as well as ſee the danger.
Conſider, Friends, now, as your lateſt choice;
For Freedom is't, or Slavery we toil?
If Freedom we deſire, as I believe
No *Roman* breaths a Soul, or holds a Life
Worthy enjoying, without the bleſſed Name;
It muſt be (pardon me, for Gods command)
By bloud: Nay, ſtart not, worthy *Roman* Friends;
We all muſt ſuffer, if he lives; if dyes,
We've all the World to rove in, or divide
The Provinces amongſt us. Old *Metellus*

Will ſign our own Conditions; *Sylla* courts us:
Leſt, ſtaying in their pow'r, we joyn with *Pompey*;
Whom, well I know that, he both hates and fears.
Speak then, my Friends, and eaſe me from my doubts:
If, by my freeneſs, I am odious grown;
This hand, which willingly ſhould aid your cauſe,
Shall eaſe me of the weight of life I bear.
Trib. Oft have I ſerv'd him, in the fierceſt fights,
And think no man e're courted more his love;
But, ſince the general good requires his fall,
I willingly aſſent to't. (*Craſſ.*) So do I.
Nor. } And all.
Lig. }
Dec. }
Perp. Give me your hands. Firſt yours, *Ligurius*;
Now, noble *Tribune*, yours; honor'd *Norbanus*:
Tribunius, tho laſt, yet Chief of all.
Since Heav'n has put into our hands a Shield,
To ward the body from diſtreſs, Oh, Friends,
Watchful with cares, retiring to the Cave
Sacred to Fortune, which in *Gaul* I found,
Off'ring the Sacred Rites, lo, from her mouth
This ſound was heard: "Awake, thou ſleepy man,
"And diſſipate thoſe heavy clods of Earth;
"Whoſe pitchy vapors do, like *Meteors*, hang
"About thy Soul; Gods have decreed the fall
"Of proud *Sertorius*, and have choſe thee out
"To free the *Romans* from their Slaviſh State:
"I'll move before thee, and prepare thy way;
"Into their minds inſtil the loſt deſire
"Of Liberty. This ſaid, the God was mute.
By the concurrence, well I know the pow'r
That the indulgent Gods unto our Fates
By this effect have giv'n. Death is the word;
But how, and when, and where, you noble *Romans*,
Shall this great Act which gives us Liberty,
By Gods commanded, be by us perform'd?
Trib. Fortune has choſe thee out to lead us on:
Thou, who converſeſt with a Deity,

In

In my opinion, ought to be our Head.
Craſſ. *Perpenna*'s thoughtful, wiſe, and valiant,
Bends all his Study for the *Roman* good;
And, in this cauſe, muſt lead us forth to act.
Nor. Do, noble *Cneius*; for we're vow'd to thee:
Point out the way, tho circled with the Fates,
We'd gain the prize, or periſh in th' attemt.
Perp Secure in all your loves, I dare diſcloſe
The ſecrets of my breſt; and form a way
Subtil and ſure, as what the Gods Decree.
What think you, Friends, if that he fall this night,
Deluded with a Tale of Victory?
I have the Engins ready for the work;
The fire is kindled, and the Forge compleat:
And we the many hands to batter down
This vaſt *Coloſſus.* But, with him, muſt fall
Bebricius; who, with jealous eyes, inſpects
Into the very marrow of our Plot:
The real *Argus*; and a truſty Villain.
Trib. Delay is dangerous; ſince we are confirm'd,
Why ſhould our Swords, ready to act our wills,
Grow to the Scabbards? Freedom is the prize
For which we fight: now, in the face of Day,
The Sun ſhould view the glory of the deed.
Perp. Brave Spirit! that's ſo forward in the Cauſe,
Signal from Heav'n to fan us into flame!
But that the Gods decree it otherwiſe,
Bleſt would my *Optics* be, to ſee thy Sword
Hew Slavery in pieces. This I've thought;
When high in hope, pleas'd with the ſplendid Talo
Of Vict'ry, won from *Sylla*'s Officers:
He ſups with me to night; and that's his laſt.
The *Luſitanian* who admires him ſo
As the dull Clown the Thunder-making God,
Not knowing that the warring Elements
Create the ſame without the Thund'rer's hands,
Muſt with him fall. Draw all your Swords. Now ſwear,
By all the Pow'rs which ſat when Man was made;
By all the Beings abſtract from thoſe Po'wrs,

Sea, Air, and Fire; by day, and *Erebus*;
And by th' Eternal Flames of *Pluto*'s Realm:
When Time the happy minute points out,
You Swords cut deep into the Monſter's heart.

Omnes. We ſwear.

Perp. Methinks, I ſee the Landſcape of his Fate,
By angry *Dæmons*, ſtretch'd to a full length;
While the pleas'd Gods their heav'nly Curtins draw,
And from the Chriſtal Caſements of the Sky
With purer light Illuminate the Moon,
Pale with the greatneſs of the glorious deed
Which makes an Empire, and ſubverts a State,
And, from my breath, forms the Decrees of Fate. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Bebricius, Sertorius.

Bebr. IF the Decrees of *Jove*, in Thunder ſpoke,
Or the ſad Character of warring Gods,
In ample Prodigies inlarge themſelves;
You muſt not hence, unleſs unto your Fate:
Oſca, till now, was ſtranger to theſe ſights,
Which fright the vulgar, and confound the wiſe.
Laſt night, when Horror did in darkneſs Reign,
When Graves gave up their dead to trace the Earth,
And the unquiet Ghoſts, as robb'd of reſt,
With horrid Schreams and howlings of the Damn'd,
Fill'd every Soul with terror of the change:
Our Prieſts (as when *Neptune* his Trident ſtruck
The angry Element, and call'd the Springs
To vomit up a Deluge o're the Earth,)
To every Pow'r Divine they Sacrifice;
While angry Heav'n in Thunder drowns their Pray'rs
And with repeated Storms, does threaten end
To the World's frame.

Sert. 'Tis ſtrange indeed, *Bebricius*;

But;

But, if the Gods Decree the final change,
Why ſhould we dread what firſt or laſt will com?
Jove, from the Earth, form'd us to what we are;
Infus'd a noble fire within our Souls,
Whoſe heat gave life, and wrought our ſtupid Senſe
Unto the glorious actions, which create
Envy in Gods, and Honor in us Men,
And makes our Fame out-live us in our deeds.
Bebr. That Glory is the Soul of noble men
Living to merit, juſtly I believe;
But when on Earth, as once was 'gainſt the Heav'ns
The Beings which from *Chaos* were produc'd
Roſe in Rebellion 'gainſt the Lord of all:
The kinder Gods, by glorious actions won,
Speak loud, as far as Fate will give 'em leave,
To ſave the mortal lov'd from ſudden harm.
Sert. Thou would'ſt perſuade me then, that this portends
Danger to me; pointed to me alone?
Would'ſt in my breſt infuſe I know not what,
And make me Subject to an idle fear?
Bebr. The Gods declare, that we may ſhun that Storm
Which gathers in the Wind, and threats from far:
Not with a Natural war divides the Clouds;
But, ſpeaking, forms a Thunder with his voice;
Which, did not Fate oppoſe, would Eccho here
The Revolutions known in Skyes above.
I, as a Prophet, and by Friendſhip fir'd,
Swell with the object; which my thoughts unravel:
And now, the viſits, vail'd by Night and ſhame,
Appear at full; made by *Perpenna*'s guile:
Craſſus, *Ligurius*, could not ſhun my ſight,
Tho wing'd by fear, and muffled with their Cloaks;
'Twas there I hous'd 'em; and am confident
A neſt of Villains brood within the walls.
Sert. It is impoſſible. Can they, my Friends,
Equal in greatneſs and in pow'r, as when
Marius did awe in *Rome*, contrive the fall
Of him who rais'd 'em to that height of pow'r

They

They now enjoy? Perſuade me to believe
The melancholy which *Norbanus* bears
Deep in his bloud, promts him to change! Oh, no:
They court the lonely places, and do hate
Human Society, the joy of Earth!
Or that *Ligurius* lightneſs in diſcourſe
May give occaſion to diſtruſt him! I've,
In numerous dangers, ſeen him act as far
As the loud-talking Hero of the Field.
Tribunius merit rais'd him to that ſeat
Which now he holds; next thee, and my dead *Caſſius*,
The man I prize; Can theſe my beſt of Friends,
Conſpire againſt the man that they divide?
Bebr. Pray Heav'n the Nation feel not the effects.
This I am ſure, There is no good intended;
For, when I was devoted unto Love,
Admir'd the beauteous creature of her Sex,
That *Sodom* Apple, whoſe fair outſide temts
Death in the taſt, Plots and contrives like Fate,
Has numerous viſitants of hot-brain'd youth,
Coveting danger for a ſmile from her;
Decius, the chief, who leads the pleaſing Maze;
While ſhe, adorn'd like *Venus*, ſhoots her beams
Into their Souls; which in a mighty blaze,
As ſubject Flames commanded by the Winds,
Threatens deſtruction: Can *Sertorius* think
Perpenna ign'orant of this work of Night?
No; I have ſeen him, unconcern'd, behold
Such amorous glances, and ſuch liberty,
With his fair Wife; that, were it not deſign'd
To lure 'em with the ſpecious bait of Beauty,
It were above an honeſt man to bear.
Sert. The ag'd, *Bebricius*, always look on youth
With thoughts of danger and of Jealouſy;
And, from the gayneſs (which they think adorns,)
That makes 'em light and Airy in their Meen,
Take too ſevere a judgment. Oh, Friend! in Love
We know not what we ſay; but if the Sex
Command a deed ignoble, then the brave

Shake off the Fetters of the Amorous God,
And loath the object which affected change.
Bebr. 'Tis fix'd in Fate. Sooner the Adamant,
By vernal dew, ſhall all its hardneſs loſe;
Than the loſt minute call from hoary Time,
VVhoſe Scythe has cut deep into ignorance.
'Tis not my fault, you Gods; for, as a Friend,
And call'd to ſpeak, I've utter'd every thought.
Haſt then, *Sertorius*, ſtruggle with thy Fate,
Roar like a Lyon catch'd within the Toyl,
Neglecting the poor Beaſt that gave him warning:
Then, when inclos'd, I'll ſummon all my ſtrength;
Or ſet thee free, or periſh in the Snare.
Sert. Something thou'ſt ſaid, like Ice, ſits chilling here;
And the raſh thought, tho light as Air before,
Now, like a weight hurl'd in ſom quiet ſtream,
In many circles wreaths th' adjacent floud,
And from the bottom raiſes flakes of Ouze:
The clearneſs of my mind, once void of fear,
Thou haſt infected with the poys'nous ſound.
Oh Doubt, that tortur'ſt more than points of Swords!
By Heav'n, theſe ſhapes of fear, theſe dreams of night,
Thus I diſcard, for ever baniſh hence,
And live above the reach of envious men.

SCEN. II.

Terentia, Sertorius, Bebricius.

Ter. Thou muſt not paſs, unleſs upon my death;
VVhich I oppoſe, to fill the breach of Fate.
Can (Oh the cruel queſtion to be made!)
Sertorius love, love his *Terentia* ſtill?
If I have pow'r, or if theſe tears prevail,
Oh, let my words find credit in thy breſt.
Sert. By *Jove*, my manhood fails; I grow to Earth:
Speak and releaſe the Agony thou'ſt made.
Ter. By all the joys of *Hymen*, all the ſweets
That wait on Love; nay, by the ſecret bliſs

That

That happy Souls enjoy, Oh, ſtir not hence.
Swift, as a Pile hurl'd by the *Delphic* God,
Barb'd with deſtruction, coms our ruin on:
Aurelia is no more; I ſaw her Ghoſt,
The dear remembrance of a Friend and Mother,
Thrice cry Curs'd *Rome*! then, from her eyes, burſt forth
A floud of tears, which uſher'd on her woes:
" *Sertorius* is no more, ſhe often ſaid;
" I ſaw the Fates buſy about his life,
" The thred expos'd on the immortal Sheers,
" And all the leſſer Meſſengers on wing:
This ſpoke, ſhe vaniſh'd into Air again.
Sert. Sure, my *Terentia*, thou but dream'd the while;
And this the product of thy fear!
Ter. Oh, no.
Scarce recollected, viewing round the ſpace,
Too true I found the Viſion, which out-fled
Report it ſelf: a Meſſenger arriv'd,
VVith Letters, which confirm the fatal chance.
Sert. Oh, Mother, art thou com, to warn my Fate?
Left the poſſeſſion of thy quiet Urn,
And thy diſtracted Spirit hovers here?
Speak loud, you Gods; for I'm prepar'd for change:
VVhy all theſe horors? is it to amate
The wandring Soul, when ſhe her manſion leaves?
Looſe all your Bolts, bury me quick in Earth,
Rather than Rack with ſounds exceeding death.

SCE'N. III.

Tribunius, Craſſus, Norbanus, Ligurius, Sertorius, &c.

Trib. Hail, mighty Lord! Imperial Conqueror!
Great in thy deeds, as *Phœbus* is for light!
Give leave, that we attend thee to the Feaſt:
VVhile that *Perpenna* of the favor proud,
Envies the Thrones of Friendſhip that we have.
Sert. I will not go: do not inquire the cauſe;
Let it ſuffice it is my will.

Trib.

Trib. 'Tis true
That people whiſper; here I find it now;
Sertorius doubts the conſtancy and faith
Of men, devoted wholly to his Fame;
Men, which have ſworn in death to follow thee;
Men, which have left the *Roman* State for thee:
To aſhes turn'd the Tables *Sylla* ſent,
With ample reſtitution, and full honor.
I ſee the hate thou bear'ſt us, in thy eyes:
Oh, would they had the pow'r of *Baſilisks*,
To kill the Villain who infected thee!
Sert. Miſtake me not, *Tribunius*: I'm not well,
And do not like the fierceneſs of the Air.
Trib. Miſtake me not, *Sertorius*; nor believe
Thy ſecret thoughts are hid: I ſee 'em there,
There, in thy eyes; and hear 'em in thy words;
And curſe my Stars I ever liv'd to hear.
Craſſus, *Ligurius*, and *Norbanus*, com,
Draw all your Daggers, and compleat our doom:
To live ſuſpected, by the man we love,
Is worſe than death.
Sert. What means *Tribunius*?
Trib. Thou ſhalt read here, and glut thee with the Character,
Writ with theſe Pens of Steel, upon our hearts.
But, Oh! the wretched State of human things!
On what falſe Baſis do we build our hopes;
Thus ſubject to the blaſt of every wind?
Know, thou *Sertorius*, that I hate to live
Under the very Igno'miny of thought.
Nor. View all theſe Scars, the badges of my love,
Gain'd by thy ſide, in Battel; call to mind
How oft I've interpos'd 'twixt thee and death:
This ſingle arm, as glorying in thy ſight,
Has made a Lane in the oppoſing Foes.
What have I ever don, to merit this?
What action, in my life has made a crime?
Did I but think my Soul could harbor one
Againſt my Friend, by Heav'n I'd ſtab that too.
Lig. Believe me, General, that I court thy worth,

A Servant to thy Virtue ; and this Steel,
Haſting to let out life when ſo revil'd,
Shall pierce as deep into a Loyal heart:
Nay, I believe, that man, who loves me not,
Would be a pledg in Honor for my faith.
Bebr. Why nam'ſt thou me, *Ligurius*? well thou know'ſt,
When darkneſs ſummons all the World to reſt,
You're waking at *Perpenna*'s, loath all ſleep,
And there confederate : at ſuch hours of Night,
No good can e're be hatch'd ; but Treaſon may.
Lig. Thou ly'ſt, baſe man. Now, by the Thunderer,
Wert thou not ſafe within this ſacred place,
Had'ſt thou as many lives as *Hydra* heads,
I'd kill 'em one by one. From hence it ſprings,
Here takes it Source ; and, like a Plague, Infects.
Bind me, *Sertorius* ; lead me where no light
E're ſhot its Beams ; and, if you find it truth,
Invent a Torment new, and terrible,
Exceeding all the labors of the Damn'd:
But, till I'm juſtly doom'd, believe my breſt,
Like Chryſtal, caſts this poyſon in his Teeth.
Sert. What thinks *Terentia* now? how can I doubt
Such Friends as theſe? Com, we will go, my Fair:
Baniſh diſtruſt ; and think the Prodigies
Were only to amuſe, not to Predict.
Let not theſe men know of our inward grief; } *Apart to*
But bear it with the patience of a God. } Terentia.
Ter. Yet there is ſomething dictates in my breſt
This viſit will be fatal ; and I ſee,
Like dying men, proſpect of mighty things:
From fear they cannot com ; to me, they ſeem
Like Meteors fix'd, not flying forms of Air.
Sert. Com, my *Bebricius*, do like me, believe
Not one of all theſe *Romans* can be falſe.
Ligurius, com, forgive the haſty words ;
Age has its faults, as well as fiery youth:
The one muſt bear th' other's Infirmities.
And credit me, ſuch is the great eſteem,
If in the ſcope of Rule you caſt an eye.

To any part which raiſes ſtrong deſire;
Command *Sertorius*, who no Treſure knows
Beyond th' intrinſic value of a Friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. IV.

PERPENNA.

Perp. I grow in love with miſchief; and the Gods,
Envying like me, conſent unto his fall.
If there's a Fury greater than I feel,
A ſubtil *Dæmon* that I have not ſought;
Let him expand his wings, and habit here.
Dull Fools they were that ſought eternal Fame
By deeds not worthy naming: He that fir'd
Diana's Temple; or that ſtupid Aſs
Who headlong fell in flaming *Ætna*'s womb,
In hopes to cheat the Vulgar, loſt himſelf.
I mount a Sphere above 'em. As, in Hell,
The leſſer Fiends are Slaves unto their Lord,
And band the fiery Surges to his will:
So I, on Earth, would with this arm controul;
And, if the diſobedient Clods rebell'd,
Find the Connexion of the Globes above,
And with this Sword divide the mighty tye,
That headlong with its weight it ſunk to Hell,
And made the Furies groan beneath its Orb;
While, from the Region of the Sky, I ſaw
Its mighty diſſolution, unconcern'd.

SCEN. V.

Fulvia, Perpenna.

Ful. You ſeem exalted with ſucceſs, *Perpenna*;
Tread upon Air, and breath a Soul all fire.
Perp. Yes; and behold my *Juno* fix'd by me:
While the connected Atoms, Statue-like,
Know nether life nor motion, till we ſpeak.

Ful. How if, *Ixion*-like we 'embrace a Cloud?
Perp. Why, then that Cloud shall hide us both for ever:
Slighting the Earth, we'l put our beings off,
And wing for the Society of Gods.
I hear the noise of many feet: let's hence,
And meet the Victim. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VI.

A Banquet. At it, Sertorius, Perpenna, Tribunius, Crassus, Decius, Ligurius, Norbanus, Bebricius, *Attendants.*

Perp. Such was the time, in the *Lactean* way,
When frightned Gods, by Sons of Earth besieg'd,
Sat there in Council with Immortal fear,
Till all the fainting Pow'rs, by *Bacchus* fir'd,
Forc'd *Jove* unto his Thunder: Here we sit,
While *Pompey*'s Rams are storming at our walls;
Whose Blows are Harmony unto our Feast.
Sert. It is, *Perpenna*, and a God-like sound,
Enough to sink the fearful into Earth;
But we, as seated on a Throne, behold
Ruin spread wide the Terror of its wings:
They, like *Cambyses*, rage against the wind,
Till weary'd with the object; then we hast,
Mounted on Death, give Reins unto the Sword,
And glut the Furies with whole Seas of Gore.
Perp. When great *Sertorius* speaks, he should, like *Jove*,
Have Thunder ready; all the Elements
Ready to make a second Chaos stand;
And all the World, as dreading the fierce change,
Becom agast: But, viewing round, I see
The *Cyclops* wanting Bolts for such a work;
Nor has old *Vulcan* captiv'd Time, or yet
The fatal Sisters ta'ne 'em to their Sheers.
Beb. Ha! means he me, by *Vulcan*? captiv'd Time?
By Heav'n, my fears I find now are not vain.
How dares *Perpenna* thus abuse the Gods;
And in a language strange, unto a Friend,

Dost

Doſt call the Son of *Anthropos* a *Jove*,
Yet mock'ſt his wanting Miniſters of wrath?
Sert. No more, *Bebricius*; he is hot with wine:
Give him his liberty; he is our Friend.
Perp. Let not *Sertorius* doubt the proof of it.
Free men have Liberty; 'tis Slaves have Chains:
And well I know *Quintus* will ne're impoſe
Upon a *Roman*, what a *Roman* hates.
For Liberty, *Sertorius* knows, we've fought;
And we would do't again, knee-deep in bloud:
Let's ſee that Talker fight, inſtead of ſpeak;
Let Oratory hang upon his Sword;
But, till the Field ſets forth his mighty worth,
Confine that Gall which dwells upon his Tongue.
Sert. It is unkind, *Perpenna*, thus to rate him;
He is a worthy man, and bears a Soul
Great, as the proudeſt *Roman*: I have ſeen
Wonders perform'd where er'e his Sword has com,
And death before the blow has made its way:
Such worthy actions in my Camp has don,
That nether *Pompey*, nor *Metellus*, can't
When he is nam'd but reverence the ſound.
Perp. Now, *Romans*, be you Judges of the change
So long I warn'd you of: See, ſee our Fates;
See all the merits that our wounds have got;
That now, when *Pompey* girts us in our walls,
He dares prefer this man the only Friend,
This gray-beard Villain, who contrives our fall,
That when the danger which invades is paſt,
'Tis he muſt Lord it o're our Liberties.
Trib. Speak thou for me how much I loath a Chain.
[*Stabs* Sertorius.
Sert Ha! Sure 'twas deadly. Ho! my Guards, my Guards!
Perp. Be not deluded with ſo falſe a hope;
There's not a Soul that dares but think relief.
Bebr. Thou ſeeſt I've yet that ſtrength within my arm
To turn thy Dagger's point upon thy ſelf.
[*Here* Ligurius *is Stab'd by* Bebricius, *who eſcapes.*
There is no ſafety here: I'll haſt away,

And

And com attended with Revenge e're Day. [*Exit.*

Sert. Oh, Barbarous Vaillains! Treaſon; help.

Perp. 'Tis here,
Sertorius, on this point: deſpair, and dy,
Thou baſe, ingrateful man: had'ſt thou ſurviv'd,
We'd been thy Slaves; but, thank our Swords, we're free.

Sert. Yet I dye pleas'd, to know thy ſudden Fate;
I ſee it now before me; view the man:
Pompey revenges me. I ſee theſe men,
That ſhame the name of Friend to that degree,
In ſo deplorable and loſt a ſtate;
That their own Souls begin to loath their make,
And curſe the hour when firſt they ſaw *Perpenna*.
Oh, my *Terenſia*! thy Prophetic fear
Is now accompliſh'd. Oh, uncertain Chance,
How ſubtil are thy ways that Greatneſs tread!
Which guides us on unto our certain Fate,
And never leaves us till our life is fled!

Perp. Dy, Wizard. Think'ſt thou that I fear my Fate?
No; 'tis on thee I build the mighty frame,
And ſeem a Body ſecond unto *Atlas*:
Thus graſp a Scepter, and thus rule my Stars;
Since, by thy death, our Liberty is gain'd.
Shout, till your voices burſt the Clouds to Air;
That with the violence of meeting ſounds,
The Globe grows giddy. and inconſtant Fortune
No longer can command her fickle Wheel.

Shouts. Liberty, Freedom, Liberty!

SCEN. VII.

Terentia *to* Perpenna, *&c*,

Ter. Curs'd be the ſound for ever; ever curs'd
The cruel Villains! why is't you delay?
Sheath all your murd'rous weapons in my breſt?
And ſhow your ſelves Maſters in Villany,
That know no boundsin bloud. Oh *Sertorius*,
How have theGods ordain 'd our Deſtinies! [*She runs to Sertorius body, and kneels by it. weeps.*

Sert.

Sert. *Terentia*, oh—— *Dyes.*
Ter. *Sertorius*; Lord; 'tis thy *Terentia* calls.
He's gon, he's gon; and ſummon'd me away,
To ſhades remote; which happy ſouls enjoy:
Yet, my *Sertorius*, ſtay thee in thy race,
Hover a minute o're *Terentia*'s Fate;
See with what ſwiftneſs I'll purſue thy ſhade
To its Immortal Manſion! ——Flow ſwift, my bloud; *Stabs her ſelf.*
That, from this paſſage, like a Sea broke looſe,
My Soul ſhall mount; ſtill calling, as it flies,
Juſtice from Gods, Revenge for perjur'd men,
Quintus, I com: From Earth I now remove,
And ſeek the Ghoſt of an Eternal Love. *Dyes.*
Perp. Som Devil ſure reſides within my breſt;
I ne're knew pity, till I ſaw this ſight:
Nor will I now. Remove theſe Bodies hence:
Place 'em within; that, viewing our diſgrace,
When coward thoughts dare give themſelves a birth,
Look on the Tyrant, call to mind his deeds;
And if the Gods dare put a cheat upon us,
We'l wait not Death, but make him 'tend on us.
Trib. Farewel, thou noble *Roman*; we ſhall meet *Goes to* Liguſ-
In happy ſhades: while thy bleſt ſoul delights *rius.*
In the ſucceſs that waits upon our Swords.
Speak then, *Perpenna*; ſhall we ſally out,
Or ſend to treat with *Pompey*?
Perp. Noble Friends,
It will diſgrace the glory of our deeds,
Sully our Fame atchiev'd in fierceſt War,
To lay thoſe killing weapons at his feet
Whoſe edg has forc'd him from the Field retreat.
Are not our Legions full? their ſouls o' fire?
This City ours, to back us in the fight?
While in their Camp, Famin and Sickneſs Reigns,
Let's out, and chaſe theſe Specters from our VValls,
That fright us like the ſhadows of the night,
Whoſe wither'd ſubſtance much reſembles theirs.
Omnes. Lead on, thou Soul of all the noble *Romans*.
Alarms and ſhout within.

SCENE

SCEN. VIII.

A Roman *Soldier*, *to* Perpenna, *&c.*

Perp. What dreadful meſſage dwells upon thy tongue?
VVhy thus confus'd? Call back thy frightned ſenſe,
And tell us what's the meaning of this ſound.
Rom. Pompey is entred *Oſca*; all is loſt:
Bebricius, ſcaping from the bloudy Feaſt,
Turn'd all into Sedition; for the Croud
No ſooner heard their lov'd *Sertorius* dead,
Quitting their ſeveral ſtations, op'd the Gates
To *Pompey*'s Soldiers, fir'd with ſtrange deſire.
Both partyes now are one: *Bebricius* leads
The num'erous bands, and has begirt us round.
There is no ſcaping hence with life.
Perp. Hence, ſlave; [*Kills him.*
And preach to Furies, in the other VVorld.
'Sdeath, am I catch'd! betraid by Jilting Fate,
VVhen the full Scene of Greatneſs was in view!
It is too late to talk. Com, let our Swords
Hew out a paſſage to our former ſtate:
And make the wond'ring Gods call back their Ire,
To ſee how Slaughter does purſue our blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. IX.

Fight. After which, Pompey, Bebricius, Luſitanians, Romans: Perpenna, Tribunius, *and* Norbanus *Priſoners.*

Pomp. Such is the Fortune of Imperial *Rome*,
VVhen-e're her Sons againſt her do rebel,
To turn the lot of ruin on their heads.
Thou fear'd *Sertorius*, Rival to my Arms,
Fam'd Soldier once that was, now thou'rt no more;
By Heav'n, it grieves me that I meet thee thus:
In Battel, to compleat my Victories,

[Bow-

Bowing beneath the keenneſs of my Sword,
Thou ſhould'ſt have fell, not by a Villain's hand.
Bebr. Forgive me, Oh thou *Manes*, this delay;
I only live, to ſee thy death reveng'd.
Pompey. Where was thy ſenſe of Honor, cruel man?
Scythia, in falſhood, does fall ſhort of thee:
Not the contriving Furies of the deep
Could e're invent a greater Villany.
Perp. Hold, Beardleſs Boy; thou Novice in a Camp,
That oft has fled my Sword, as School-boys Rods:
Think upon *Sucron* Fields, and then be mute.
Thou ſay'ſt that Hell could not afford a Scene
Of greater miſchief: I am proud of it.
Empire I aim'd at; had it once in ſight;
Till the curs'd Gods caſt in their bar between.
In me, 'twas great; but it was baſe in theſe:
And, if that Chance had bleſt me with a Throne,
Their heads had been the ſteps to mount upon.
Nor. Dog, Son of Night, ingendred of the foam
Of *Cerberus*, and Hell's contagious Dew.
Trib. Oh, I could eat my Chains, to com at thee!
Perp. Tribunius, pleaſe me with a Mask of Death:
Knock out thy brains againſt thoſe Ornaments,
And let me ſee how bravely thou wilt dy.
Trib. Bleſt Fortune!——Take that, Paricide. When Hell's.
Capacious Kingdom does confine our Souls, } *Snatches a Sword*
There, in th' Infernal Lake, I'll plunge thee in; } *from a Soldier, &*
Sink with thee to Perdition; and, in pain, } *kills* Perpenna.
Take pleſure in thy Conqueſt. Lead me on;
The Gemonies, *Tarpeian* Rock is bliſs,
And death, which ſets me free, a Paradiſe.

SCEN. X.

Fulvia, *diſtracted, to* Pompey, *&c.*

Ful. Room, room, you Slaves! 'tis *Fulvia* coms, your Queen;
Bow to the Earth your ſtubborn knees; ſhout up
Reverberated voices: For I'm grown

Equal with Fame, and fill a mighty ſpace.
What means that abject poſture? art thou chain'd?
Chain'd to a Throne? Why flies not my *Perpenna*?
Haſt thou the World of buſineſs at thy heels,
The Type of Empire? hurl it into Night,
And free the Gods from their Eternal doom.
Perp. I thank thee, Tyrant, and obey thy pow'r:
Thou ne're could'ſt viſit in a better time.
Take her away: by my loſt hope, this ſight
Is worſe than Hell; and bands my wretched Soul,
Like angry Furies in the other VVorld.
Ful. He's ſtruck; he's ſtruck: ha! how it ſtreams apace!
'Tis the firſt preſent of my Love I make: (*Stabbing* Bebr.
Now, glory of it in the other VVorld.
Pomp. Seiſe on her, Guard: This is a bloudy Night:
The Moon hid her ſelf behind a Cloud;
And all the Stars, as tho afraid, retire.
Bebr. I thank thee; thou haſt ſav'd me from a deed
This hand e're day had don. I feell my end
Move ſwiftly forwards; and a glimmering light
Now ſhuts up day, and makes it ever night. [*Dyes.*
Perp. VVhere were your ſafe-guards now, you envying Pow'rs?
See, how we've ſnatch'd revenge from out your hands,
And breath defiance! Could I pluck from time
A minute longer, *Pompey*, thou ſhould feel
There was no ſafety in *Perpenna*'s reach.
It pleaſes me to think, when I am dead
The miſchief I have don will ſtartle thee,
And all the VVorld name me a glorious Villain:
And, when to *Pluto*'s Region I arrive,
The Gods will doubt more from my ſingle Brain,
Than all the Furies met againſt their Heav'n.
Oh, *Fulvia*! Death does haſten me away:
I'm now his ſubject, and I muſt obey. *Dyes*
Ful. I feel the mighty frame now goes to rack:
My heart's divided with the deadly blow,
And all my Senſes at vaſt diſtance roam,
Tending the Soul unto Eternity.
Stretch wide your Kingdom, Furies, to receive
Her, whom the World could not contain alive:

For

For my receptance, let whole Legions wait;
That *Pluto*, wondring at the mighty State,
Scorning his Queen, may place me in her Seat. [*Dyes.*
Pomp. Remove the Bodies. To *Sertorius* Pile
Add all the Ornaments that Soldiers boaſt:
Break all your Shields; there all your Enſigns lay;
And mourn that loſs which ſheaths your Swords again.
Let him have common Burial. May the Gods
Forget his Crimes; while *Rome* no Equal knows,
Nor none contend againſt her Soveraign pow'r:
But to her Vengeance, as the Ire of Heav'n,
Waſt into former Chaos, and forget
That being which they had. Spread wide thy Gates,
Oh Guardian Angel of the Gods abode;
Let Fame, from Pole to Pole, her Eccho ſound:
While the whole World, obedient to her Pow'r,
Submit to *Rome*, as to her Emperor. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. Ravenscroft.

OUR Poet to the learned Criticks does submit,
But scorns those little Vermine in the Pit,
Who noise and nonsense vent instead of Wit:
Those Aierie empty Sparks that know no more
Than how to dress and railly with a Whore;
Nay all they say to 'em is perfect cant,
And Vizord still runs down the weak Gallant:
Vext at her Repartee, he stroaks his Wig,
And cries, Dam me, you Whore you, I'll unrig:
Then cursing her, he leaves her to the rest
O'th' Fops-----
Or tears a Hood and Scarf to make a jeast.
Whence have these silly Monsters their pretence,
That they should Judges be of Wit and Sence?
These Gnats about a Poets Ears may swarm,
But want a Sting to do him any harm.

FINIS.

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